YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

BARTENDER FROM BROOKLYN

What Jap Prisoners Think About the War and Us

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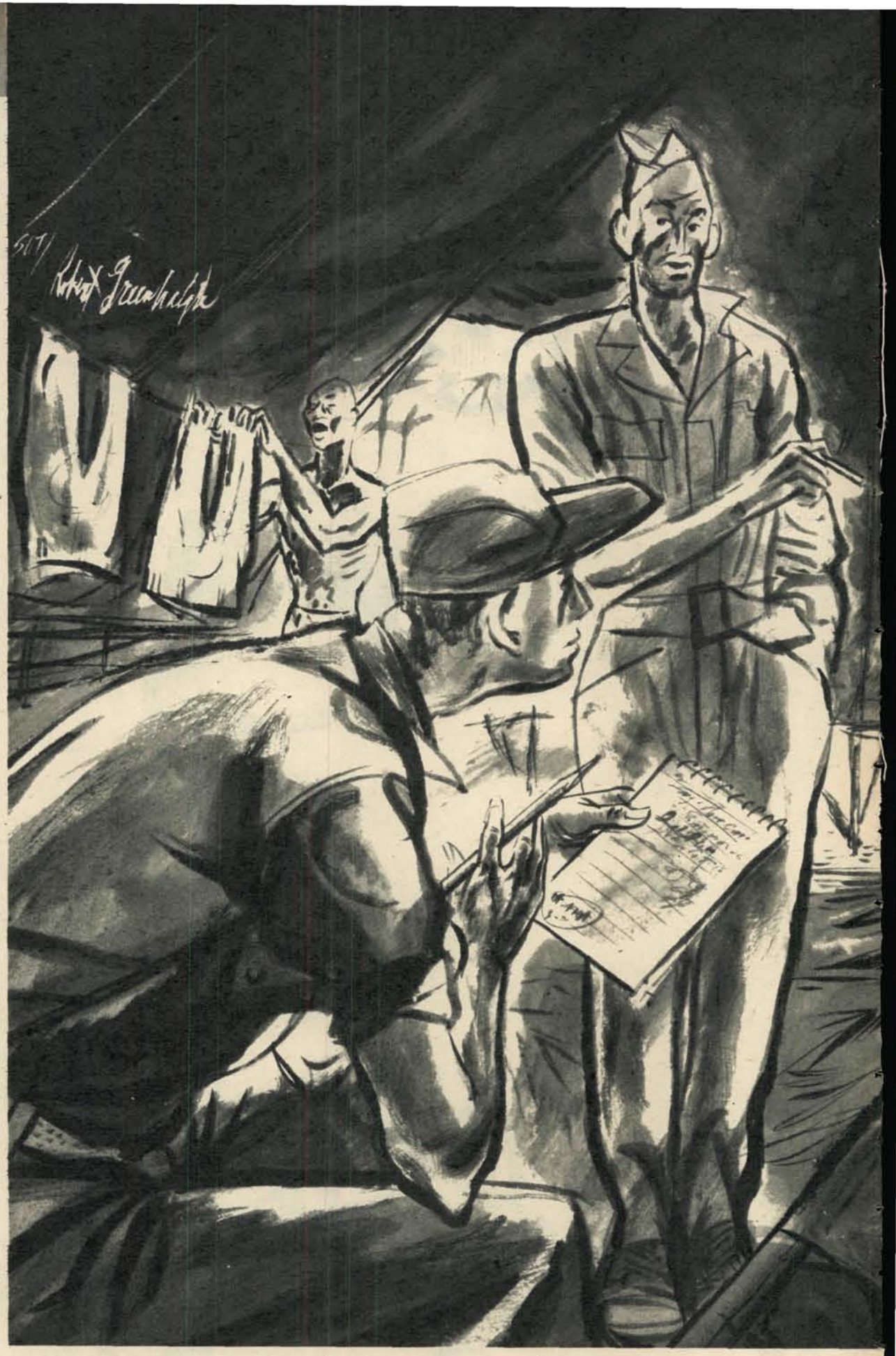
PAGES 2, 3 & 4



In a Philippine PW camp a YANK correspondent with an interpreter interviews Jap prisoners to find out what they think about war, us, baseball and their Emperor.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES—The stockade was set in a large rectangular clearing near the edge of a grove of coconut palms and guava trees. Off to the right of the outer barbed-wire barrier was a mangrove swamp and beyond that a swollen, clay-colored river that wound like a dirty, twisted ribbon through tangles of tropical fronds and water weeds.

A fat, red-faced MP, a carbine slung barrel-down from his shoulder, stopped us about 10 yards from the gate and, recognizing the staff-sergeant interpreter with me, called, "Hiya, Jitter." Sizing me up briefly with bored mistrust, he added, "That fellow got permission to be here?"

The staff pulled a paper out of his poncho and handed it to the MP. He glanced at it a moment, said "Okay" and motioned us on. At the barbed-wire gate another MP with fixed bayonet halted us and asked me if I had a pistol or a jungle knife on me. When I said no, he let us in.

We went for several yards along a narrow passage formed by more barbed wire until we came to the main yard, a cleared square about the size of a baseball diamond with OD tents and little nipa-thatched huts lining three of its four sides. The staff stopped for a minute, pointed to the yard where the Japs were and said: "There they are, more than 200 of the filthy bastards. You ought to be able to get a cross-section of the Jap soldier's mind from them."

He offered me a cigarette and then explained the procedure we were to follow. I was to put my questions to him in English; he would translate them to the Japs. If it proved necessary, he would carry out the interrogation further himself to get as complete and revealing answers as possible. When he was satisfied with an answer, he would sum it up for me in English.

"Before we go in," he said, "there are some things you ought to know. The Japs you'll see and talk to will fall into two broad types. There will be those who surrendered voluntarily because they couldn't take it, and those taken against their wills because of wounds or shock.

"The first are mostly stupid animal-slaves who have been drilled and drilled until they know how to handle a piece or wield a knife and kill. Otherwise they know absolutely nothing about anything. They have no minds of their own and act only when a superior presses a button.

"The second type is something else again. They are fanatic, shrewd and possessed of an amazing singleness of purpose that is the direct result of just one thing—their sheeplike subservience to their superiors and to the Emperor. They're slick and well trained and live only to obey their superiors' orders to kill as many of us guys as possible. Otherwise they're just like the first type—mindless automatons who move when the button is pressed.

"There's a third type, too, but you won't see many of them in any prison camp because they're almost never captured. They're the killers who fight like madmen until they're wiped out. You can realize how many of these bastards there are when you consider the small number of prisoners we've taken compared with Jap casualties. They're the type who tortured captured marines on Guadalcanal and engineered the March of Death on Bataan."

Jitter led the way over to the tent nearest the inner gate.

"Here's one who's as good to start with as any," he said. "He's a sergeant, was with those paratroops the Japs tried to land on Leyte the other night. His transport was shot down off the coast, and everyone in it was killed except him. He managed to get ashore but he ran into a bunch of guerrillas. You can imagine what a going-over they gave him. He falls into the second type I mentioned. He was captured against his will and now he thinks he's disgraced forever; says he'll commit suicide the first chance he gets."

WHEN we ducked under the tent flaps, the Jap, sitting Buddha fashion with one foot under his buttocks and the other pulled up on the opposite thigh, looked up with a startled expression. Then he stood abruptly and bowed up and down, his arms spread wide, a cringing, crinkled smile on his face. He was big for a Jap, with broad shoulders and a clean-shaven bullet-shaped head. There were bandaids on his chin and under his jaw, apparently mementoes of his session with the guerrillas, and there were thin, uneven gold edges on his protruding teeth. Jitter asked him to sit down and told him what we wanted to talk about. Then the questioning began. Every time the prisoner spoke, a nervous tic twitched above his right eye.

Q. Where is your home town?
A. Osaka. [Osaka, Jitter stopped to explain, is a city near Kobe in the southern part of Honshu, Japan's biggest island.]
Q. How long have you been in the Army?
A. Five years.
Q. Did you take your basic training in Japan?
A. Some of it.
Q. While you were training did your officers ever talk about the United States or tell you that Americans were bad and were a threat to the peace of Japan?
A. No. All they talked about was how to shoot guns, how to fight.
Q. Did you volunteer or were you conscripted?
A. I volunteered.
Q. Why did you volunteer?
A. Because I like army life; it makes you feel like a man.
Q. When you were captured, how did you think you would be treated?
A. [The tic above the Jap's eye twitched three or four times in rapid succession. He didn't say anything—just sat there with his mouth hung open, his face a twitching blank. Jitter repeated the question with an addition.]
Q. Did you think you would be tortured or killed?
A. Yes.
Q. Has anyone in this camp hurt you in any way?

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A. No. Everyone has been kind. Plenty of food. Nobody has hurt me.
Q. Do you think you will be hurt or killed?
A. I don't know. [The Jap's tic twitched more violently.] I have asked MPs to kill me. I have asked MPs to let me kill myself.
Q. Why do you want to kill yourself?
A. Because I am disgraced. I could never go back.
Q. Do you have a family?
A. A mother and sister.
Q. Friends? Schoolmates?
A. Yes.
Q. Wouldn't they understand and forgive you? [The prisoner was suddenly a blank again, as if he didn't know what the question meant. Jitter asked it again.]
A. I don't know if they'd understand. It wouldn't make any difference if they did.
Q. Would you be afraid to go home?
A. Yes; afraid, ashamed.
Q. If you were able to escape back to your lines, would you fight and try to kill as hard as you did before you were captured?
A. Harder.
Q. Why? For what?
A. [The Jap, his tic still twitching, started picking at a big scab on his ankle. Once more he didn't understand the meaning of a question.]
Q. Why were you fighting in the first place?
A. For the Emperor. [When he said the word Emperor, the Jap sergeant made a quick, slight, almost imperceptible movement, snapping his spine straight. Jitter turned to me and said, "They all do that."]
Q. Are you fighting for anything else but the Emperor? [At the sound of the word, the Jap's spine snapped straight again.]
A. No.
Q. Why do you think Japan is fighting this war?
A. To rule the world.
Q. Why do you think that Japan should rule the world?
A. Because Japan is greater than any other country.
Q. What makes you think that?
A. Japan has everything. Japan is powerful and right.
Q. Did you ever hear or read much about the United States?
A. No.
Q. Do you think America is powerful?
A. I don't know.
Q. Do you think America is right?
A. I don't know. Japan is right.
Q. Why do you think Japan is right? Can't anyone possibly be right but Japan?
A. [The prisoner looked blank again.]
Q. Is Japan right because only Japan has the Emperor?
A. [The Jap's spine snapped straight and he answered quickly as if from memory, like a high-school elocutionist, speaking the words fast and without expression.] The Emperor is God. The Emperor is God for the whole world. [Jitter looked at me, shrugging his shoulders as if to say, "See what I mean?" He went on.]
Q. When were you last in Japan?
A. I was in Miyaski Dec. 4, 1944.
Q. Did the people there have enough to eat?
A. Yes.
Q. Were they concerned or scared about the war?
A. They were afraid.
Q. Do they think Japan will win the war?
A. Every Japanese thinks that Japan will win the war.
Q. Did you ever hear of Midway, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Eniwetok, Saipan, Hollandia, Morotai?
A. Yes. They have told us about them.
Q. Do you know you've been kicked out of those places and that now you're being kicked out of the Philippines?
A. I don't know. All places so far are just battles. You maybe win battles. Japan will win the war.

JITTER got up, sighed and said: "There's no point talking to this one any longer. Let's go in the next tent."

The next tent was larger. It had a long bamboo pole in the center, and over the ground the prisoners had spread layers of palm leaves. There were 16 Japs in the tent and all of them were squatting on the floor tying palm leaves together with strands of ratan. They were naked except for jock-strap arrangements of white cloth.

When we came in the prisoners stood up immediately. Jitter told them to sit down. Then he picked out two who could answer for the others. One of them, a pfc in the infantry, was very young and rather frail looking. His cheekbones weren't as high as those of most of his race and his skin had a certain unhealthy pallor. The two characteristics combined to make him look less Japanese. He had no expression at all when he talked, but when he bowed he had the usual insipid, crinkled grin.

The other prisoner was a seaman second class who had been fished out of Surigao Strait after his ship was blasted in the now-famous battle of the night of Oct. 24-25. He was pudgy-faced, remarkably slant-eyed and fat, with a clean-shaven, abnormally large head. When he talked, he grinned in an almost sneering manner, and when he tried to stress a point he waved his hands like a bartender mixing a whisky sour.

Jitter turned to the young pfc first.

Q. Where's your home?
A. In the province of Kagawee.
Q. When did you get in the Army?
A. In October 1943.
Q. What did you do before you were in the Army?
A. Worked on my father's farm.
Q. Did you have plenty to eat?
A. We had enough.
Q. Did the Japanese Government get any of your food?
A. Some of it.
Q. After you got into the Army were you told anything about the war, what you were fighting for and so forth?
A. They told us we were fighting for Eternal Peace.
Q. When you were in school before the war did you ever read or study much about the United States?
A. No.
Q. Do you hate Americans?
A. I don't know.
Q. Do you hate America?
A. I don't know.
Q. Then why did you fight and try to kill Americans? [The young pfc's eyes darted back and forth nervously over the tent wall. One of the other prisoners, a thin, demented-looking Jap, stopped grinning and waited, his mouth hanging open and his eyes fixed on the pfc. Jitter asked the question again.]
Q. Why did you fight and kill Americans?
A. Because of the Emperor. [Every back in the semicircle of listening prisoners straightened up when the word was spoken. The thin prisoner was a few seconds late, but he finally jerked to attention, his idiot grin restored.]
Q. Do you believe that the Emperor is God?
A. Yes. [Jitter put the same question to all of the others and each one in his turn nodded and said "Haee," the sound Japs make when they

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answer yes to their superiors. Then Jitter asked, "Why do you think the Emperor is God?" and the pfc said that every Japanese knew the Emperor was God. They knew it, he said, because it was the only truth, the only thing in life that really meant anything to them.]

Jitter looked at me helplessly. "What can you do?" he said.

Then he turned to the pudgy-faced sailor.

Q. Do you think Japan will win the war?

A. [The Jap sailor grinned smugly.] Of course Japan will win the war.

Q. Why?

A. Japan can beat anybody. [The others were listening intently, hanging on to each word.]

Q. What makes you think Japan will win?

A. Japan never lost a war. She cannot be beaten. All of Japan is one mind.

Q. What do you mean, "Japan is one mind?" [In his answer the prisoner used a phrase that I had heard frequently throughout the questioning. It was "*Yamato Damashi.*" When I asked what it meant, Jitter said: "The phrase is hard to translate. There is no American word or phrase which means quite the same thing. The closest I can come to it is 'fighting spirit,' but to these people it means much more than that. If you think of a will power that no force on earth could discourage short of killing its possessor, and add to that the stubborn, cold belief of a bigot, you might get a little closer to its meaning." He went on with his questioning.]

Q. Do you think Japan can beat America at anything—sports, for example?

A. Yes.

Q. How about baseball? Didn't the Americans beat your pants off at baseball a few years ago?

A. They got the highest score, yes.

Q. You mean that America didn't beat you?

A. Yes. Japan won. [Jitter looked at me with an expression of exaggerated patience, tapping his fingers on the ground like Oliver Hardy used to do when Stan Laurel tripped him into a trough of white plaster.]

Q. Look. First you said that the Americans got the high score and now you say that Japan won. What exactly do you mean by that?

A. *Yamato Damashi.* You got high score, but there are more important things. It's the way Japan plays the game. [Then the sailor burst into a flood of wild hissing chatter that lasted a good two minutes. When he finished, Jitter translated.] You come over to play in a big baseball tournament. You hit the ball plenty, you make runs, but your players are not honorable. They were crude. They didn't bow and talk properly to people, and while they played they paid no attention to anything but the game. Also, they show no *Yamato Damashi.* They wear uniforms with no American flag on them. Every Japanese player wears a uniform with the Rising Sun on it.

JITTER stood up. "I expect," he said, "that gives you a pretty good picture of how his brain works. Let's go out and get some fresh air."

Outside the sun was trying to break through the clouds, but there was a dismal drizzle and the yard was deserted except for one prisoner who was filling a canteen from the Lyster bag that hung in the center of the compound.

"That joe over there is a Navy pilot," Jitter said. "Tough guy. Thinks he's above all the others here. Let's talk to him."

The pilot was about 25 years old. He had a sparse, stringy mustache and some hairs on his chin that passed for a goatee. There was a purple-streaked swelling over his left eye, and one of his front teeth was missing. He had been shot down in San Pedro Bay on A-plus-4 and picked up by one of our Navy boats.

Though he had been cocky around the other Japs, when he saw Jitter approaching he became all smiles and bows. Jitter told him I would like him to answer a few questions, and he nodded so agreeably that you would have thought answering my questions was his life's ambition.

Q. Where is your home?

A. Osaka.

Q. How long have you been in the Navy?

A. Six years.

Q. How long have you been a fighter pilot?

A. I graduated from Kasugamuira four months ago.

Q. Ever in combat before Leyte?

A. No.

Q. Do you feel any disgrace because you were captured alive?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. Why did you let them pick you up out of the bay?

A. I was very sick.

Q. Why didn't you kill yourself then? You had a gun, didn't you?

A. Yes, but it was rusty.

Q. How did you think you would be treated as a prisoner?

A. I didn't know. International Law protects officers.

Q. Did you ever hear of Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know what happened to the American pilots who were captured there?

A. No.

Q. Did you know that their heads were cut off?

A. No.

Q. Well, they were. Do you believe it?

A. No. [Jitter shrugged and offered a cigarette to the Jap pilot who took it greedily, but only after he had executed a short, quick bow.]

Q. Have you heard about the B-29 raids on Tokyo?

A. Yes. They have told us about them.

Q. Did they tell you that the raids caused any appreciable damage?

A. They told us there was not much damage.

Q. Do you think the B-29s can wreck Japan?

A. They cannot hurt Japan.

Q. Why?

A. Japan has too much antiaircraft, too much defense, too many fighter planes.

Q. What do you think of American pilots?

A. Some good, some bad.

Q. Are they any better than Japanese pilots?

A. We have some good, some bad, too.

Q. Who do you think has the better, stronger air force?

A. [The pilot looked blank for a moment, attempted to formulate an answer, tried a few broken phrases and gave up.]

Q. When you went out to attack an American troopship or vessel, what did you think about?

A. Hitting the target.

Q. Anything else?

A. [No answer.]

Q. Did you think of anything else?

A. [No answer.]

Q. Why did you do it?

A. For the Emperor. [The Jap pilot snapped straight.]

Q. Why do you think the Emperor is making Japan fight?

A. Japan is fighting for Eternal Peace.

Q. Do you think Japan will win?

A. Yes.

As the interrogation progressed we had been walking slowly over to the far corner of the compound where the pilot's tent was. We were in front of the tent now, and the pilot bowed us in. On a GI cot at the rear of the tent squatted a little wizened Jap with horn-rimmed spectacles. He was about 40 years old and, as Jitter explained, a doctor with more than three years' Army service. When we entered, he was reading what appeared to be a Japanese medical journal. There were illustrations showing operating techniques, blood-transfusion equipment and other medical procedures.

Jitter questioned the doctor. While the questioning went on, the pilot, like the silent prisoners in the other tent, sat very still, listening intently.

Q. Doctor, you've read widely in medicine. Do you think that America's contribution to world medicine has been important?

A. I think it has been extremely important.

Q. You have heard, of course, of Johns Hopkins, the Mayo Clinic and other American medical centers?

A. Yes. Their work has been of the utmost importance to the general advance of medicine.

Q. Do you know that anesthesia was discovered and developed by American scientists?

A. Certainly.

Q. How do you think Japan's medicine, its doctors, its operating equipment and so on compare with those of America?

A. Japan is first rate in everything.

Q. Tell me, doctor, who do *you* think will win the war?

A. Japan will win.

Q. Are you aware of how many places your Army and Navy have lost in the last two years during America's steady march into the Far East?

A. Yes. They tell us of the progress of the war.

Q. Why are you being beaten so steadily?

A. We are not being beaten. We will strike when the time comes.

Q. When do you think the war will end?

A. They do not tell us that.

Q. [Jitter looked at me and said: "The doctor doesn't understand English, but, as you see, he's a pretty well educated professional man. Now watch what happens when I begin to question him on another track."] Doctor, have you read America's Bill of Rights?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe, as that document states, that all people have a right to worship God according to their own conscience, without dictation from anyone?

A. [At this question, the doctor's face sagged and his eyes glazed. His blank look recalled the uncomprehending Osaka sergeant of the first interview.] I don't understand.

Q. [Jitter put his hand out in an appealing gesture.] Look. You have read the Bill of Rights. You know that it sets forth certain freedoms, certain protections for the securities of God-fearing peoples. Do you think that document is a good, sensible, right doctrine?

A. I do not know.

Q. What is a right doctrine for decent human living?

A. The Emperor's doctrine. [The doctor's spine straightened.]

Q. Would you do anything the Emperor commanded you to do?

A. Certainly.

Q. Doctor, you consider yourself an honorable man and you believe that the Japanese are an honorable people. Do you think your leaders are truthful, honest and aboveboard?

A. Yes.

Q. In other words, you feel that, if you think you have a right to something another man has, you ought to go to that man and talk things over sensibly, and try to settle the matter rationally and fairly?

A. Yes.

Q. If, while you were thus talking to that other man, your friend, let's say, came up behind him and stabbed him in the back and grabbed for you the thing you wanted, would you feel that you were getting that thing honorably, fairly?

A. Of course not.

Q. Did you ever hear of Pearl Harbor?

A. I have heard of Pearl Harbor.

Q. Did you know that the Japanese sneaked up on Pearl Harbor and, without any warning, stabbed America in the back? Did you know that, at that very moment, two of your most celebrated statesmen were in Washington pleading for Eternal Peace?

A. No.

Q. Do you believe it?

A. No.

Jitter looked at the doctor for a few seconds, smiled wearily and nodded his head as if admitting that the whole thing was futile. Then he turned to me and said, "Had enough?" I said I had, and we went out of the tent.

As we left the camp, just as we turned through the gate, we caught a glimpse of the sergeant from Osaka. He was squatting under a tent flap, picking the scab on his ankle. Every now and then the tic above his right eye would twitch convulsively.

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RATIONS DE LUXE

Men of the 1st Special Service Force, hard-fighting veterans of Italy and France, rate 10-in-one ration the best yet but see room for improvement.

PVT. RICHARD HUYSSE, Wallington, N. J.: "I suggest more cocoa and Nescafe instead of lemon, orange and grape powders. And more caramels instead of fruit bars. The new luncheon meat is very good, much better than Spam. The vegetable and the English-style stew are very tasty. I don't like too much cheese because it makes me thirsty, and water is scarce. But, everything considered, the ration is tops. It has enough items so that something appeals to about every kind of taste that GIs have."

SGT. MURRAY LEGGE, Prince Albert, Sask.: "Put me down as liking the bacon and the roast beef, the ham and eggs; as hating the corned-beef hash and the fruit bars. They ought to use fewer dehydrated products. When water has to be brought on the backs of mules, anything that is dehydrated is wasted, since we can't spare the water. If they could include flour, that would help—there is plenty of bacon grease. The fellow that invented this ration should be recommended for a special medal."

RATIONS ARRIVE BY MULE PACK

PVT. JOSEPH A. MANLEY, Nocona, Tex.: "The fellow who designed them must have been one of the boys. That little can opener is really a gem. We use the waterproof box that contains the cigarettes and sugar for catching rain water and would like to pass this hint along. The cigarettes are much appreciated. Would like more chocolate instead of fruit bars, because we could make cocoa, and some soda biscuits. And they might put in a little pepper. But it's already our best ration."

SGT. ARNOLD BOUDREAU, Detroit, Mich.: "I like the corned beef but don't see anyone breaking his neck to get the corned-pork loaf. Would be a good idea to have more pineapple pudding, more cocoa instead of lemon powder and more caramels instead of Charms. There's no comparison between 10-in-ones and C rations or, for that matter, any other rations I've ever had. This has a variety of stuff that can be fixed up in different ways. It's about as well balanced a diet as I hoped to get."

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Morotai Neighbors

MOROTAI, NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES—GIs from the Army division here are almost more concerned with the local wildlife than with the substantial force of by-passed Japs still hiding out in the bush.

Snakes are the biggest problem. Sgt. Thad Angotti looked under his cot before turning in one night and found a nine-foot reptile coiled beneath it. Whacking the snake on the head did no good, so seven fellow engineers carried it outside and held it while another clipped off its head with a machete. Some spiders here have bodies the size of a half dollar, with six-inch leg spreads. The grasshoppers are dive-bombers, and there are also rats.

Not all the wildlife is unpleasant, however. Pvt. James R. Lewis of Gainesville, Tex., uses his mosquito bar as a fishing net and has managed to scoop up 45 one-pound fish for his company mess in a couple of hours. Ethical anglers would probably frown on mosquito netting as proper tackle, "but you've got to find some way out of this Army food once in a while," Lewis says.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

T-4 Sternad, happily but distantly married.

Mail-Order Marriage

NORTHERN BURMA—When T-4 Robert Sternad of Cleveland, Ohio, returned from a month deep in the jungles, he was feeling pretty weak. Eating sparse front-line rations in his job as radio operator with an outfit that had been fighting the Japs, he had lost pounds, and a bad fall had knocked out three teeth. Waiting for him at the base was an ominous-looking official envelope, which Sternad was sure was bad news.

But when he opened the envelope, Sternad was all smiles. "Hey, fellas!" he yelled. "Looka me —I'm married!"

Inside was a contract he had signed weeks before, marrying him to Dorothy M. Arelt of Cleveland, and now countersigned by his bride, a minister and a lawyer.

Although the honeymoon will have to wait, that night there was a GI wedding supper and party at which the rationed beer flowed like unrationed beer. After the party the groom went to bed alone—but happy. —Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Mild and Bitter

TEHERAN, IRAN—A GI who ordered *abijub* in a bar here learned something about the Persian language the hard way.

The word for beer is *abijo*. *Abijub* means "sewer water"—and don't think he didn't get it.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Patchwork Planes

FRANCE—A Ninth Air Force Service Command outfit here has built four P-47 Thunderbolts from the usable parts of wrecked P-47s.

The outfit is composed of mobile repair units which started operations within 18 hours after their arrival in France. They didn't begin their P-47 rehabilitation work until T/Sgt. Joseph R. Tabor of Chicopee Falls, Mass., suggested that the crew of his mobile unit be allowed to go out and find damaged abandoned P-47s and bring them in to be rebuilt.

Headquarters came through with permission, and Tabor and his men began their scavenger hunt. They found one ship that had been lying in a field near Caen since D-day and others scattered up and down the length and breadth of the Allied front.

It wasn't all as easy as picking up parts in a field and loading them into a truck. One of the first planes they found for salvage was situated in a no-man's land with a Canadian battery of light artillery and antiaircraft guns just behind it and the enemy a few hundred yards ahead. Sometimes planes they found were useless because the ships had been picked over earlier by both German and Allied souvenir hunters who had removed most of the essential parts.

They put their first plane together and called it *Spare Parts*. It flew. That was all the other crews needed to convince them. Now three different mobile units have taken up the idea and have rebuilt planes of their own that are flying.

—YANK Field Correspondent

ESLC

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—Rank, so far as the men of the ESLC (Engineering Special Latrine Construction) detail of this base are concerned, is just a small matter of spacing.

Assigned to essential construction projects, the three-man detail has been given top priority on scrap lumber and by scientific experimentation has arrived at specifications consistent with military procedure.

Models to be distinguished by an "Officers Only" sign are built with openings 34 inches from center to center. In those assigned to "EM Only" the measurement is reduced to 29 inches.

Production to date has been restricted to heavy-duty 10- and 12-cylinder models with a standardized bore of 10 by 10 inches. Until smaller two-man-crew models are requisitioned, no more than two complete units per day will be sawed off and delivered by the assembly line, the combat engineer in charge reports.

Construction of wooden solo models for higher brass is not contemplated. Plumbers instead of combat engineers will be assigned to such projects when consistent with the tactical and strategic situation.

—Cpl. GEORGE BICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

AT Biak, Netherlands New Guinea, Pvt. William J. Frennell, who used to be a bartender in Brooklyn, N. Y., opens up his saloon for photographer Sgt. Dick Hanley and anyone else who wants to be served. His stock consists of Japanese port wine, lager beer and sake. No ice, no ginger ale, no soda.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 5—Pvt. George Aarons. 6—Left, Sgt. Dave Richardson; right, Signal Corps. 7—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8—Signal Corps. 9—Acme. 10—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 11—PA. 12—Pfc. George Burns. 13—Upper left & lower, Sgt. Hanley; upper right, Mason Pawlak CPhoM; center left, Pfc. Burns; center right, Sgt. Bill Alelne. 18—Upper left, Kirtland Field, N. Mex.; upper right, AGSF Redistribution Station, Miami Beach, Fla.; lower left, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower right, Boca Raton AAF, Fla. 19—Upper left, AAF ORD, Greensboro, N. C.; upper right, ATC, Fairfield-Suisun AAB, Calif.; center left, Camp Wolters, Tex. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps.

Cpl. Tirpak and his ex-racer, By a Whisker.

The Corporal Buys a Horse

PANAMA—When Cpl. Mike Tirpak of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was made head steward at an NCO club here, a job that confined him to the post seven days of the week, the Sport of Kings lost one of its strongest backers. For more than a year, Tirpak ran his own stable at the Juan Franco track and did very well too.

It began when he collected a neat $1,400 from a daily double and bought a choice Kentucky mare that had just arrived from the States. Her name was Just Moral and she proceeded to win five races in 25 starts and place 14 times. This gave Tirpak enough jack to buy Kalias II, a 4-year-old English stud, for another $1,400 on the installment plan. Through other deals, he bought Dubling Daisy, Paraguay and By a Whisker.

On his day off each week, Tirpak would go to the track, consult with his trainer and enter his charges in future races. Back at the barracks, the GIs waited for word from Mike that his hay burners were ripe, then put all their spare cash on the nose. Everyone did very well until Tirpak got his present job. Then he sold out. He got good prices for all except By a Whisker, who had an unfortunate habit of always coming in last. Finally he interested a buggy dealer in Panama City and closed a deal.

Now when anyone wants to put some dough on By a Whisker, he can really get a ride for his money.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Jeep in the Deep

JOHNSTON ISLAND, PACIFIC—It was bound to happen. For months now on the airfields of Johnston and other Pacific islands, cocky little jeeps and trucks with oversize "Follow Me" signs on their rear ends have been showing giant transport planes where to head in.

When the planes land, the aggressive jeeps rush up and brandish their signs and the planes follow them meekly, taxiing to their appointed positions.

Johnston at last has seen one of these big planes, a C-54, refuse to be told. The "Follow Me" truck was driven by a sailor, Daniel C. Foy S1c. It was night and, as he drove, Foy peered over his shoulder at the great plane trailing him like a puppy. Foy started a turn, still rubber-necking, and then it seemed to him that the bottom dropped out of Johnston.

The island has steep sides. On hard, dry coral runway one minute, Foy and "Follow Me" were eight feet under yellow-green water the next. Foy clambered out, but the lights of the truck continued to blink a come-on to the plane from beneath the waves.

Next day a crane fished out the truck.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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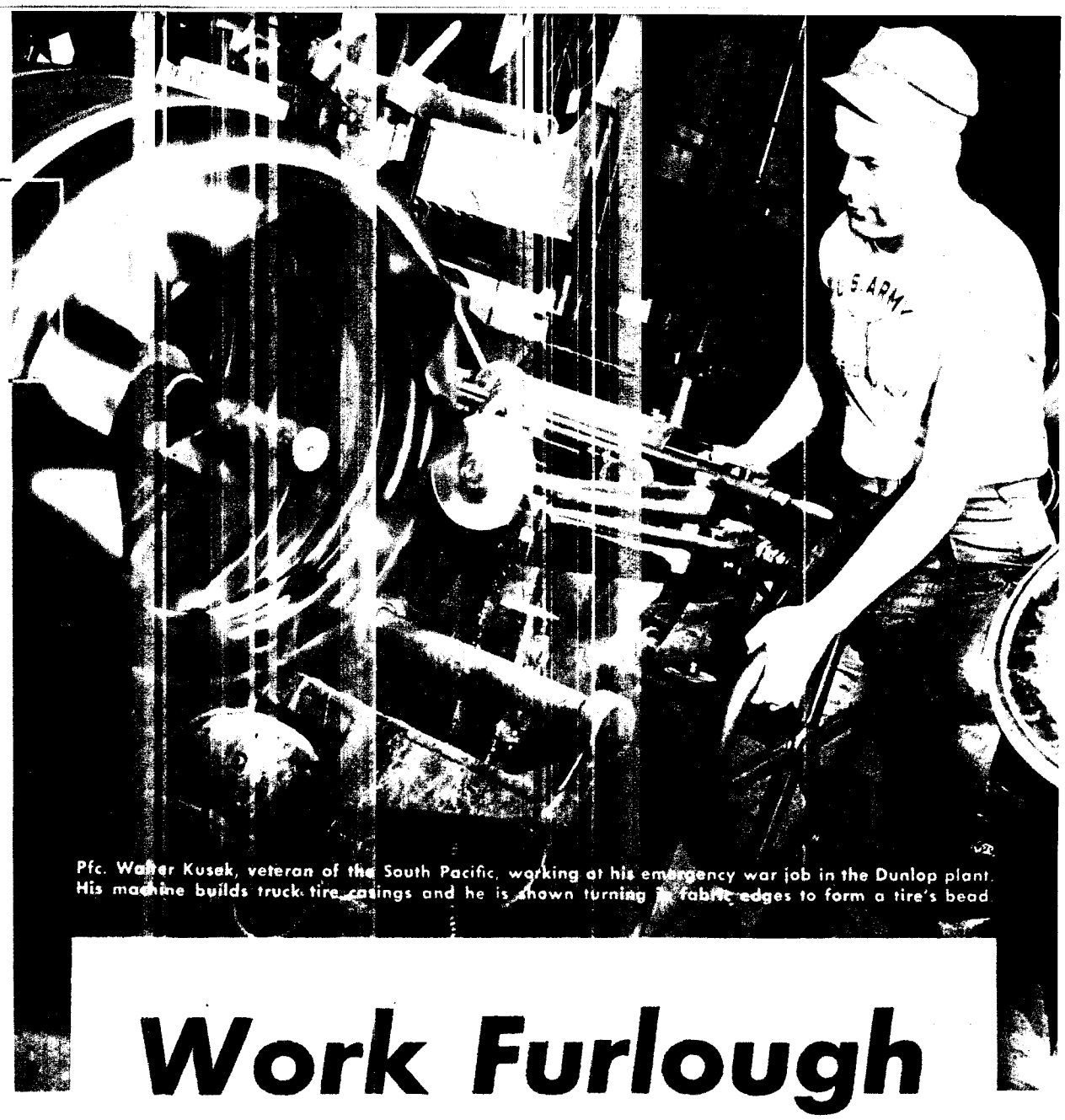
Manpower shortage in vital industry has led the Army to loan some skilled technicians for jobs in U. S. war plants.



Pfc. Walter Kusek, veteran of the South Pacific, working at his emergency war job in the Dunlop plant. His machine builds truck tire casings and he is shown turning in fabric edges to form a tire's bead

Work Furlough

By Sgt BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Writer

MANY GIs who a few months back were slinging shells at the enemy or burning up rubber chauffeuring trucks behind the lines have suddenly found themselves shifted to the detail of working in U. S. war plants.

The detail is the result of a shortage of skilled workers in plants recently ordered to increase their production of heavy munitions, tires, tubes and materials for tents. Congress and the Administration have already taken steps to overcome the manpower shortage, but during the emergency several thousand GIs—about a regimentful—have been assigned to a number of war plants on 90-day "work furloughs." The plants told the Army they could not meet the production quotas demanded unless some of their old hands were sent back for a time.

Only men who, as civilians, were experienced in the critical industries affected by the manpower problem were picked for the "furloughs," and all those selected are unqualified for combat. Many were combat veterans who have been invalided home. No infantrymen and no men of other branches who are now overseas or who are in alerted outfits may be assigned to the program. No officer is eligible, no matter how experienced in industry he happens to be. A very few of those "furloughed" are astonished to find themselves back, for a short time, in the same factories in which they worked before the war.

A typical plant temporarily employing GI war workers is the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation at Buffalo, N. Y. This plant had 2,300 employees before Pearl Harbor; its service flag today shows 530 stars, more than 20 percent of its pre-war pay roll. So far, the Army has shipped 50 former tire men to this plant. Its personnel manager, William H. McKay, says he could use 100 more; the tire industry has been ordered to boost its output 25 percent.

Most of the 50 "Dunlop Commandos" are overseas long-timers who are home thanks to rotation or because of ill health. The majority in the Dunlop group were shipped to the factory on such short notice that many of them had no idea what it was all about when they reported to Maj. Rufus V. Jones, the Signal Corps labor officer for the Buffalo area.

Maj. Jones explained the strange set-up to the Dunlop furloughees as he took up their papers and issued each man a certificate to appease curious MPs. Maj. Jones is the closest thing to a CO the 50 will have for their spell as emergency war workers. They have no first sergeant, no military formations, no latrine details and no unit chow and hence no KP. The factory has full say on work hours and full responsibility for keeping tab on attendance.

The 90-day work-furlough plan was devised in order to avoid setting up a military organization for the GIs at each of the 150-odd plants to which soldiers have been assigned. Besides the tire industry, GIs under the program are in plants making cotton duck for tents, in factories like the one in Kankakee, Ill., making TNT, in shops producing shells for 155s and other big guns, and in forges and foundries where gear for production of artillery pieces is made.

Finding the right men for the detail took teamwork by their former employers and the Army. Factories drew up a list of all their men in service, and the Army sent teletype messages to all commands to have the Form 20 cards combed for talent. One pfc in Baltimore, Md., who used to recap tires in Toledo, Ohio, watched his tape relay an urgent request for tire men. A few hours later he saw three names clicking back to higher headquarters, his own among them.

Cpl. Joe Bowman was home on furlough in Rome, Ga., when he received a telegram to forget the remaining days of his leave and shuffle off at once to Buffalo. Another of the group got two hours' notice to catch a train, arrived in Buffalo the next day and went to work at 11 that night. The Dunlop Commandos are manning the owl shift, 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. Before the GIs came, the machines were idle during that shift.

The GIs work seven eight-hour days a week at the Dunlop plant. In addition to their Army pay (which is held for them back at their outfits), they get regular war-worker wages. The usual civilian deductions come out—Federal income tax, Federal old-age insurance, even unemployment insurance—but as a rule about 80 percent is left after all taxes have been settled. Pay before deductions runs from around $45 to $65 a week for the jobs the GIs are doing at Dunlop. For a while, some plants thought it was unfair to subtract unemployment insurance, since the GIs have no reason to fear they will lose their present jobs with the U. S. Army for the duration plus six months, but the plant pay rolls would have been thrown out of whack by the cancellation of this deduction for the comparatively few soldiers in the shops. Anyway, the GIs have no kick on the taxes because everything they get from the plant is gravy except for food and lodging costs.

The men live where they please but most of those at Dunlop are taking advantage of a deal worked up for them by Maj. Jones and the president of the local union, the CIO's United Rubber Workers. The union chief, a member of the Elks, talked his clubhouse into fixing up the conference room with cots and bedding for any soldier-workers wanting to stay there. Maj. Jones managed to draw enough Army blankets and comforters to round out the accommodations. Charging each man $5 a week, the Elks threw in full rights to their showers, swimming pool, steam room and bowling alleys.

On the union question, each soldier received a paper from the Army telling him that "there is no objection to your joining a labor organization of your own choosing, if you so desire." So far none of the men has joined, and no one is exerting pressure on them one way or the other.

The Army regards fatigues as the proper uniform for factory hours, but the plant is not particular so long as the tires keep coming. Consequently, each man is letting his conscience be his guide in the matter of dress. A few wear stripes, but rank means nothing. A sergeant may be helping a private if the guy from the seventh pay grade was a better man at the job back in civilian life. Outside the factory, proper uniform is enforced by the MPs around Buffalo.

THE Dunlop Commandos have all sorts of Army backgrounds. One was in a truck regiment in Alaska and figures some of the tires he makes are bound to go back to his old organization. Pfc. Walter Kusek, 28, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., wears four battle stars on his Asiatic-Pacific theater ribbon. He was a BAR man with the Americal Division in the South Pacific and was sent to a Stateside hospital last September because of an illness picked up during his 32 months in the Down Under jungles. Before the Army he had a job building tire casings for the Fisk "Time to Retire" people. The 20-card classification system found him on KP at Fort Slocum, N. Y., where he was assigned after leaving the hospital.

While Kusek drew Buffalo, the pfc who saw the Baltimore teletype machine rattling out his own orders for a work furlough was sent to Kusek's old factory in Chicopee Falls. In making assignments, the Army was interested in how near a furloughed man's camp was to a short-handed plant and not in where a man worked or lived before the war. One of those assigned to the Dunlop plant, a Californian, is a good 2,500 miles from home, but S/Sgt. John M. Sinclair managed to get the perfect break.

A 33-year-old former tire builder, Sinclair was with a Fifth Army Engineer battalion for 13 months, taking part in the Cassino fighting and the crossing of the Volturno. Sent back on emergency rotation, he wrote his wife to join him at Pine Camp, N. Y. She did, and then the Dunlop work-furlough deal came up. Mrs. Sinclair happily moved home to Tonawanda, N. Y., just five miles from the plant.

It is anyone's guess whether the Army will extend the work furloughs when the 90 days are up. Some men are wondering how much their first sergeants will have to say about the work furloughs next time the question of a regular furlough is raised. No matter what the top sergeant decrees, the work furloughees will not have much of a squawk coming and they know it.

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By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 107TH INFANTRY, 30TH DIVISION, BELGIUM—Their mission was to take over the defense of Stavelot and hold it. Stavelot, they were told, was in friendly hands. But as they approached the town they found an Armored Infantry unit sitting on top of a hill eating K rations. "Who are you?" they asked. "We thought you were holding the town." And the Armored Infantry replied: "They ran us out."

So the 107th Regiment went into Stavelot, fought that night and next day to clear it of Germans, held it for three days against furious counterattacks, and then sat on it for 2½ weeks. Stavelot was as far northwest as the Germans got in the Battle of the Bulge.

Before Stavelot there had been five months of constant sustained attack for the regiment. It was their first defense since Mortain and, for most of the men, their first real defense ever. In it they learned things, and they argued among themselves the merits of defense and attack.

They found that there is a difference in the psychology of attack and the psychology of defense, but the psychology of attack was so strong in them that the other was not given a chance to assert itself. "They never got to the point where they thought defensively," said Capt. John Kent of Birmingham, Ala., commander of A Company. "They looked at defensive action only as something leading up to attack, and you couldn't call Stavelot anything but an aggressive defense.

"Here's what I mean. We occupied buildings on one side of the river, and the Jerries were in buildings on the other. Although we had received fire from the buildings, I had a sergeant who did not believe the Jerries were over there. 'Let me go and see,' he'd keep asking me. Well, I couldn't do it because he was one of my best noncoms, and I didn't want him going out and getting shot.

"I called up the battalion and asked them if they wanted to patrol over there, and they said hell, no, they didn't want to patrol over there, so I said to the sergeant: 'If we do send somebody over there sometime, I'll let you know.' Eventually we sent a patrol from another company, and he led it across the river.

"Another time I had to hold the men down was when they wanted to cross the river and burn out the buildings on the other side. At this time some *SS* men were filtering down into the buildings and sniping. And Tiger Royals were hiding behind the buildings and running out to put direct fire on us. We were so extended at the time that I just couldn't allow them to go because we couldn't take a calculated risk.

"Americans are just too restless. My men wanted to go out and knock off something and then come back and sit. They don't have the patience for defense."

But the Infantry puts it this way: "Hell, with this defense you get too nervous just sitting there. A man hears something moving around in the dark, a motor running or something like that, and he wants to know what's out there."

There are finer points than mere curiosity to the workings of a defense, the Infantry decided. At Stavelot the enemy was wearing U. S. GI clothing and some of them were driving U. S. vehicles. It was difficult to distinguish an American from a German, and the responsibility for a wrong guess was heavy.

"Now in an attack," declared the Infantry, "whatever is out in front of you is bound to be a Jerry. But at Stavelot it was different. We got caught our first night in town. There were two boys on guard at a door, and a couple of fellows came up to them and said: 'Have some coffee.' Of course we thought it was somebody from the kitchen or something, but the next thing we knew we didn't have any guards on the door.

"Another time two men came up to a foxhole where we had one man on guard and one sleeping. One of these men started arguing with the boy on guard, and the other fellow, slipping around behind him, picked up a BAR and shot both our men through the back."

During the day the Infantry found they had more trouble with snipers than they had while in attack. For a while snipers didn't make much difference, and then it got to be serious. "The men hadn't considered Jerry small-arms fire very effective," said Capt. Kent. "And although I had told them to do most of their moving at night they didn't pay much attention to me. There was one spot that was pretty well zeroed in, and two of our men got creased there—they were unhurt but their clothes were cut by bullets. Still they didn't pay much attention. Finally, a third man came along and got hit in the leg. He rolled under cover and bandaged himself all right, but he had to stay there until dark before he could get out. After he got hit, the rest of the men figured I had some sense after all."

The Infantry's casualties at Stavelot were caused mainly by direct tank fire, and because they were on the defense, enemy support artillery could pound them in their more or less stabilized positions. The attack-minded Infantry didn't like the idea. "When you're in an attack," they said, "about the safest place you can be, as far as the artillery is concerned, is right up in front. It's usually the reserve company or people farther back who get hurt then. When one of those Tiger Royals comes flying up, they let you have it right in the face. We hit one of those things nine times with bazookas, and they bounced off like you were throwing rocks at it."

Company A's riflemen almost unanimously preferred offense to defense, and their reasons simmered down to the fact that they didn't want the initiative taken away from them. "A man likes to keep moving," said the Infantry.

Only mortarmen said they liked it better on the defense. "On the attack," said a section leader, "we have to fire and run. But at Stavelot we had everything staked in, and all we had to do was sit there and throw 'em."

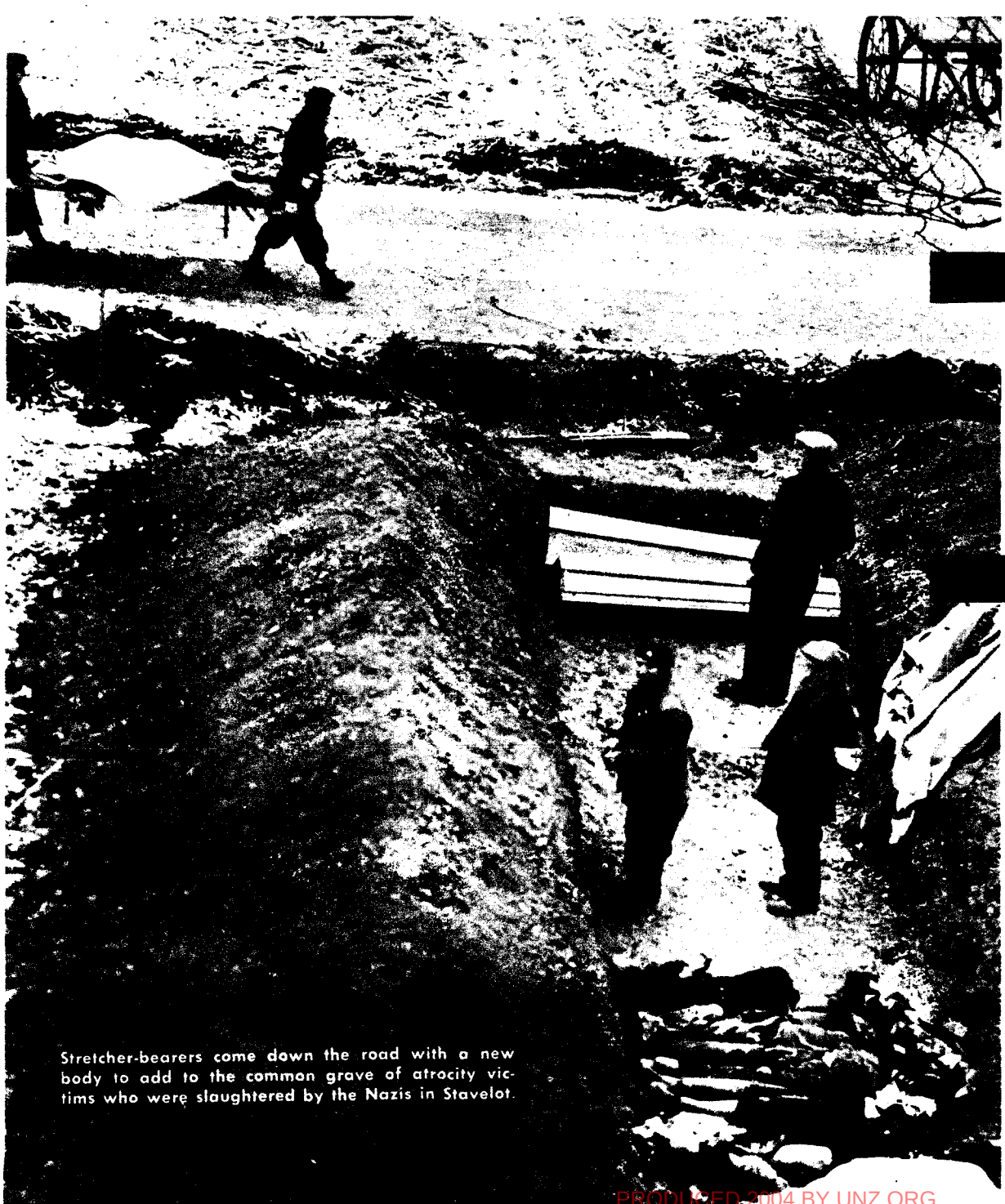
The machine-gun section felt they could take it or leave it. "When we're in an attack," said a gunner, "you can give me open ground. But in a town like Stavelot I'd rather be on the defense. I like them cellars when I'm sitting down."

The infantrymen who were told to hold the town had the spirit of attack too strongly ingrained to stay put behind their own lines.

STAVELOT showed the Infantry a new kind of German, or at least a German they hadn't fought for a long time. "The *SS*," Capt. Kent said, "were just as determined to get in as we were to keep them out." Riflemen, who had seen Jerries wading neck deep across the icy river that divided the action zone, were of the same opinion. "Them bastards was hopped up," they declared.

Whether hopped up by pep talks or a real shot in the arm, the *SS* did fanatical things. Once three jeeploads of them raced across a bridge that divided the sectors of A and B Companies. One jeep made it all the way across, but no German got back alive.

Three times the Infantry was driven out of its positions in the houses by the river, forced out by direct fire from tanks, and three times the Infantry came back and drove out *SS* men who had crossed under that fire. The Infantry counted the bodies of four or five Germans who tried to wade the river in the daylight, less than 100 yards from the rifles and machine guns of men who don't like defense.



Stretcher-bearers come down the road with a new body to add to the common grave of atrocity victims who were slaughtered by the Nazis in Stavelot.

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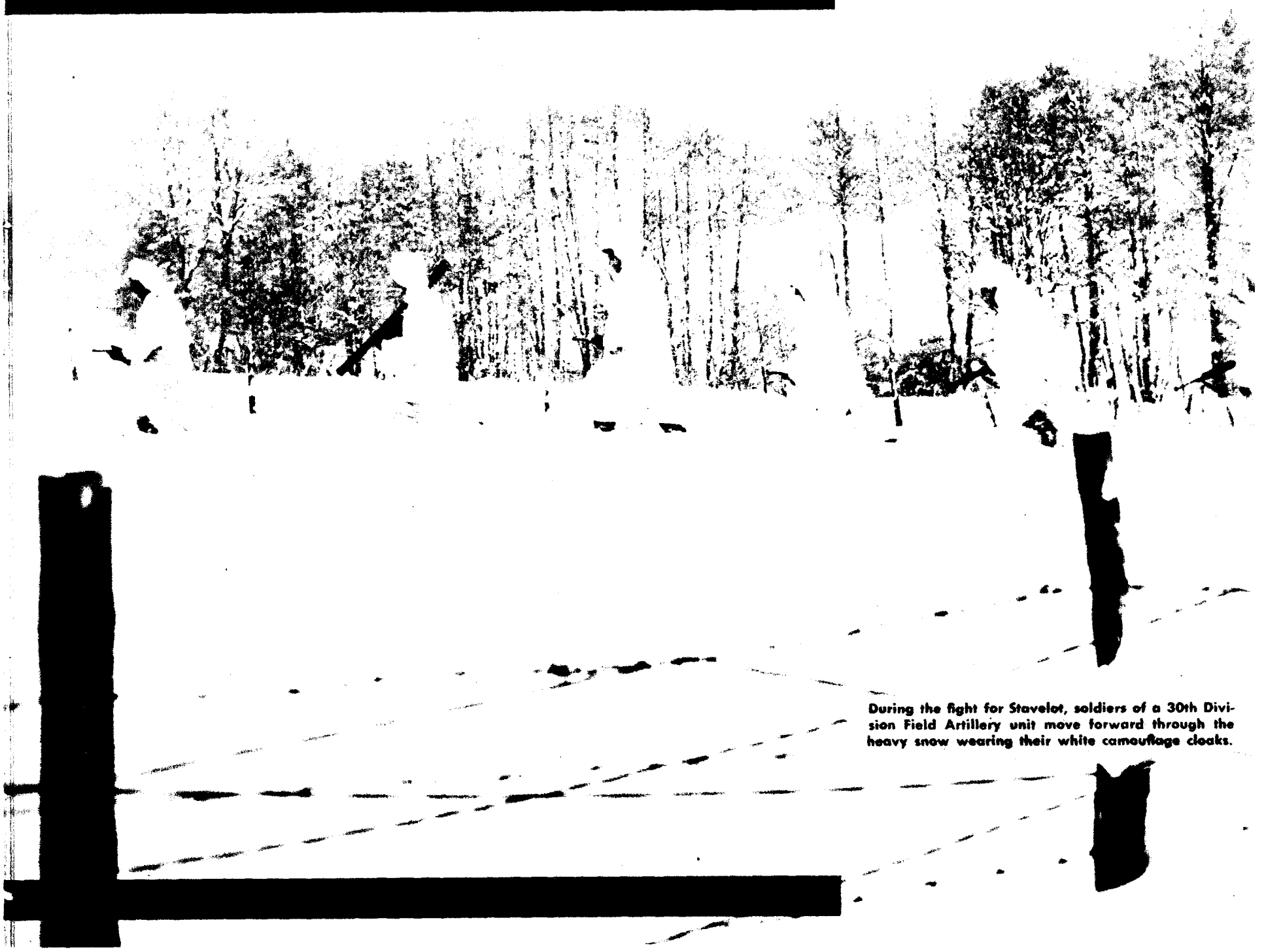

During the fight for Stavelot, soldiers of a 30th Division Field Artillery unit move forward through the heavy snow wearing their white camouflage cloaks.

Defense of Stavelot

"If they were crazy enough to try it," said the Infantry, "we sure as hell didn't mind shootin' 'em."

It was because of such attempts that the Infantry decided their enemy wasn't rational. German audacity at times was almost theatrical. During one night of the fight they brought two jeeps and two half-tracks (American) into the Stavelot square where they found an American-manned tank blocking their way. They drove the jeep up to the tank, and one of them, apparently exasperated, yelled: "Move that tank." For a while after that it wasn't safe to move a foot across that square.

"We learned a few things about Jerries there," said Capt. Kent. "For one thing, we found that we'd get a counterattack on our left flank and half an hour later we'd get one on our right. If they attacked on the left the last thing at night, they would attack on the right the first thing in the morning. It was a good thing they were that dumb—we had just enough artillery to stop one attack at a time, but if they'd tried it on both flanks at once, we couldn't have held 'em."

But the psychology of defense is a state of mind—in this case not a feeling of defeatism but a feeling of cold anger—and perhaps the Infantry wouldn't have achieved this state of mind at all except for something that happened on the third day of the battle. On that day there were six counterattacks—three on each flank—and the Germans got across the river into the part of the town held by the Infantry, forcing them back. When the infantrymen fought their way back to their original positions, they found the Germans had slaughtered some civilians in a cellar.

"We counted 22 in one pile," they said. "It looked like most of them had been shot, but some had their throats cut. There were old people and children—just kids. Some had their heads bashed by rifle butts, and one little kid looked like he had been slung up against a wall and his head busted open."

Capt. Kent told what happened later. "I got a phone call from the platoon sergeant, and he said: 'Sir, we got 12 prisoners down here. What do you want me to do with 'em?' I said: 'What do you mean, do with 'em? Send 'em back.' He said: 'Sir, it's a lot of trouble sending 'em back.' I said: 'I know it, but we need information. Send 'em back.' He said: 'Sir, I got an offer from a man here. Says he'll give a month's pay to bring them back.' I said: 'Get those prisoners back here whole.'

"Those 12 prisoners signed confessions about killing the civilians, and the reason they gave was that the kids' crying bothered them. In a way I'm sort of glad we were there to see that on account of the effect on the men. Now they say: 'Damn 'em, kill 'em all. They're all alike.' The prisoners and their confessions were what turned the men's minds. The *SS* certainly didn't get any mercy from us after that.

"A good fighter never gets mad, or if he does, it's an impersonal anger. Now, you take an old man, one who has been in this for a while, and he knows that when he's attacking the Germans they will try to pin him down with machine-gun fire, and as soon as he gets pinned down, they will throw mortars in on him. On attack I've seen some of these old men charge right into a machine-gun position rather than get stopped out in front of it. And they'll say to themselves: 'You son of a bitch—try and pin me down.' They'll tell you later: 'I just got mad thinking about what they was trying to do to me.'

"But at Stavelot, after we saw those dead civilians, the men changed. They'd make sure of where Jerry was, sit and watch him until they couldn't miss, and then pour everything they had at him. It seemed like they wanted to pulverize everything there was across the river. That wasn't impersonal anger; that was hatred."

And that was the Infantry's psychology of defense.

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Evacuation

You have time to remember, in the warm blankets of the hospital, how you got your wound and what it felt like at the time.

By Pfc. IRWIN BASKIND
YANK Field Correspondent

FRANCE—For the first time in what seems to be a lifetime you are no longer cold. The simple hospital cot beneath you makes you feel as if you were floating in air. The dry blankets cling to your still-tired body like the warm, furry collie you used to hug to your chest. You try to recall all that has happened these last 10 hours. . . .

It is 1400. You have fought steadily for more than a week. From the moment you joined your outfit as a reinforcement, just before it jumped off on this new attack, your company has suffered badly. Your own luck in avoiding injury before this still amazes you. The rain and mud and cold have numbed your body; the 88s and mortars have numbed your brain.

Wearily you try to make sense out of the orders your platoon leader gives you. From out of the jumble of words you somehow perceive that you might have some rest. In front of you is a forest that Jerry has not seen fit to defend in force. But you can already hear the rifles of the snipers he has left behind to annoy you. The battalion is to clean out this woods. Two rifle companies move in. Your company, with heavy weapons attached, is to cover from the hills behind.

Your job is to offer security for a machine gun on the right flank. You curse this bad luck, for you are too close to a crossroads. Although Jerry seems to have no observation on it, you are enough of a veteran to know that he had it zeroed in with 88s long before you ever occupied the ground. You take your shovel off your belt and start digging your hole. You smile feebly as you remember the times in training you goofed off digging on a dry run of a problem like this. There's no goofing off here; this is no dry run.

Slowly you scrape off the ever-present mud and you grunt when extra effort is needed to make the hard ground give. You are grateful for the exercise; the exertion warms you up. The rain has stopped, but the sky is forever clouded. The cold is bitter. You stop only to light a cigarette. The acrid taste on your lips and the pungent smoke filtering through your nostrils have been your only pleasure since you hit the line.

You hear the whine of the 88 and you'll never forget that sound. You drop your shovel automatically as you fall into the hole. It's something you've done many times, but this time you are slow. The ground heaves violently beneath you. Your ears protest under the concussion. Smoke and pieces of earth whirl before your eyes. You can't remember how many more explosions you hear. You lie on your stomach, hands folded under you, and watch the red blood flow from them.

Everything is quiet. You feel no pain. If it were not for the sight of blood, you would never know you were hit. Your first impulse is to swear but instead you sigh with relief. This has been something you have always expected and now it is all over. You start back for the aid station and ask your buddies near you if anyone else is hurt. You are the only casualty and now you really swear at your own failure to fall fast enough.

THE aid station is in the village a few hundred yards behind you. Things have been quiet for the medics there today, and you are overwhelmed by the attention everyone gives you. The doctor examines your arms carefully. There is a sliver in your left little finger. There are small cuts below the right thumb and above the left elbow, and the fragments are still in them but too deep to be taken out here. A T-5 sprinkles on some sulfa powder and fixes the dressings. You drink the whole canteen of water with the wound tablets. Someone pins a tag to your shirt.

An ambulance comes by and picks you up. The only other casualty in it is a very happy, tired kid with a bandage on one side of his face. Shrapnel cut him badly but never went completely through the cheek. It will take a few weeks to heal, leave a slight scar and give him a good rest. You try to look at your own wounds in that way. You don't seem to be badly hurt yourself and you light up a cigarette, thinking of the warm hospital beds ahead.

You are at "Collecting." The dark-haired sergeant reads your tag and adds a few lines to it. He rips your sleeve with a scissors and jabs a needle into your arm. From all they have drummed into you about care after being wounded, you guess it is penicillin.

You are in another ambulance going to "Clearing." There are two serious cases with you—one with a bullet in the thigh, the other with the swollen black feet of trench foot. You reflect bitterly on the bad luck of the last guy. After all his close calls, the rain and the cold got his feet. It seems typical of the tragedy and cruelty of war. Nothing seems fair any more.

But your eyes are fixed on the kid next to you. He has a quiet voice with a trace of a Mid-Western twang. You watched him climb into the ambulance. The doctors call it combat fatigue but the GIs call it "Blowing your top," a lot more descriptive term. He is so hysterical he can hardly walk straight. He sits in his place and rambles on about nothing in particular. You've never seen a guy so bad off. Suddenly his rambling stops and he talks calmly, coherently of what happened. You realize there are some things you will always remember.

You get out long enough to get another shot and a few more lines on the tag. Then you are in another ambulance but you are too tired to notice anything any more. Between puffs on a cigarette you try to reconstruct what has happened since you left the forward replacement battalion.

You sense from all the traffic and noise that you are in a big city; you've lived in one long enough to know. You guess it is Nancy. You say so. Everyone nods agreement. Your ambulance pulls up to a ramp and you hurry through the rain into a warm, modern hospital. Your eyes blink at the unaccustomed glare of electric lights.

Someone glances at your tag, gives you a hurried looking-over and leads you to a ward. Your mind has begun to function a bit and you ogle happily at all the nurses in the hallway. Another medic shows you to a cot and helps you undress. You lie down and watch the fellow who came in with you. He has already found a pan of water and begun to clean up. You look hopelessly at your own hands, their neat white bandages surrounded by a thick mixture of mud and blood.

YOUR medic comes in with hot water. He picks up your hands gently, washes them as if he has done this all his life. You close your eyes in sheer delight as he strokes at your cold, dirty face with a warm washcloth. You feel like a kid as he scolds you for playing in the mud.

He puts a tray in front of you and you remember it is Thanksgiving Day. The medic apologizes for fear the food is cold. It has been prepared early in the day, waiting for someone like you to be brought in late. You smile gratefully as he scolds you again for not being in time for your meals. You lean back to enjoy your turkey and dressing. It's the first hot meal you've had in four days—since the night the CO's jeep brought up some hot stew. You chew carefully on each mouthful. You think of the C rations you ate the other day in your hole, not more than 10 feet from bloated, rotting bodies filling the air with the odor of death. The hot coffee goes down, and you imagine you feel its warmth in your feet. You relax with a cigarette.

Someone comes in to lead you to the X-ray room. You watch the sergeant fill out a card and you admire the air of confidence about him as he does his work with such a complicated machine, one which you could never understand. You try to strike up a conversation and ask him where he is from. You discover he lives a mile from your home and went to school with your brother.

When your X-rays are ready, the doctor studies them a while and takes you to the operating room. This is one of the sights you'll always remember. There are six tables, all very busy. Doctors, nurses and technicians scurry about, and your natural fear of such a room is multiplied by the tension about it. There's work to be done and you are the work!

Someone swabs your arm with an antiseptic. The surgeon gives you shots to numb it. He picks up some instruments and starts cutting. You can't feel anything but warm blood on your wrist as he probes for the fragment in the thumb. He works on your elbow, and you stop watching him. You try to joke with the nurse nearby with a comment on how easy they go in but how hard they are to get out. Soon the surgeon's on your left hand and he tells you he gave up both pieces in the right. If he tried to get them out, he would do more damage than good. Anyway, you have two souvenirs of Germany—hard to show off but nevertheless there.

You are on your feet. A ward boy helps you to your ward. Your soft-voiced medic waits for you. He gives you another shot. All the jokes about the "hook" and dart boards rush through your head. He's got some sulfa tablets, too. It's 2300, so he adds some sleeping tablets, and you are very grateful for that.

Now you are in bed, turning all this over in your mind. It's hard to concentrate. You are still numb from concussion and the dope has begun to take effect. Suddenly you see clearly just how much you really have to be grateful for.

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PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Bernard Baruch

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

THE very tall, white-haired man was turning off the heat in the large office on New York City's Madison Avenue. He went from window to window, opening them and adjusting the covered radiators.

"Too hot in here," he said. "Man can't breathe in all this heat."

He wore a dark blue suit and a white shirt with a stiff collar. His face was old but lively. He had deep-set, blue eyes. His nose was large and strong, and so was his mouth. He had all of his hair, white and fine and loosely parted just off center. He wore a hearing device in his left ear, holding the battery in his hand and fiddling with it as he talked.

He shook hands with his left and apologized. "I hit a man with my right when I was 68 years old," he said. "Can't use it much now. Guess a man shouldn't go around hitting people when he's 68."

He's 74 now. His name is Bernard Mannes Baruch and he is what is called an "elder statesman." An elder statesman is a sort of wise man to the government, whose advice on state matters is sought and followed because he is considered to be above petty politics and selfish interest. Baruch is of particular importance to the GI because right now he is giving advice on matters that may have a good deal to do with the kind of life a GI can expect when he gets home.

In the first World War Baruch bossed all U. S. production. In this war he was appointed by President Roosevelt to survey the rubber situation and later was asked to prepare a report on industrial mobilization and demobilization. Besides these little jobs, Baruch also acts as general consultant on the war effort, not because he is necessarily an expert on any one subject, but because he is a smart and practical man who has made a fortune by being smarter and more practical than most other men. This has raised him to as high a level as any American can go as a private citizen.

In many respects, Baruch is the average American, only several million dollars richer. He started with practically nothing, and he has become rich and famous by hard work and smart trading.

"When I began my career," he says, "I didn't have two nickels, one to rub against the other."

He was born in South Carolina, the son of a Jewish doctor who came from Poland in 1855 and then served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army. When the family moved to New York, Bernard went to City College. His first job—in 1889—was as a broker's boy in Wall Street at $3 a week. By 1912 he had a fabulous reputation as a speculator and a nest egg of 12 to 15 million dollars.

Baruch is somewhat different from most self-made men. He feels that he has been successful not only because of his wits, but also because his country has been very good to him. This has made him intensely patriotic. About 10 years ago he offered the Army 3 million dollars out of his own pocket to help prepare for what he felt was approaching war. The offer was rejected.

Baruch can correctly be called a financier, but he does not like to be called an economist. He considers many of them talkers, not doers.

"Most of them are just a bunch of pipe smokers," he says. "An economist is a man who hasn't got two dollars, one to rub against the other."

Baruch also has definite ideas about the war and particularly about people who are making money from it. He has always believed that all profits should be taken out of war and has urged controls that would make this stick. He believes firmly in the alliance of the United Nations to win the war and keep the peace, by force if necessary.

GIs will be particularly interested in his absolute belief that there will be more jobs after the war than people to take them. Baruch considers the goal of 60 million post-war jobs set by President Roosevelt as entirely possible, "if we use half the sense God gave us."

He does not believe that even a period of temporary unemployment will be necessary once we stop producing for war. He feels, for example, that our war-increased production plant has a tremendous post-war market in the devastated countries of Europe and Asia. These countries will need food, clothing, machinery—the whole range of U. S. manufactured products. And Baruch thinks there will be no trouble about their paying for the things we make.

"If somebody wants to buy something and somebody has it to sell," he says, "they'll get together. They always have."

Baruch feels that greatly expanded foreign trade will be mutually beneficial in many ways. In the first place, immediate markets for American goods will mean that no plants will have to shut down and, Baruch says, there will be jobs literally for everyone. Also, while we are helping ourselves, we will be helping to raise the living conditions of the rest of the world; Baruch considers a good living standard all over the world a primary condition of any permanent peace. He feels that the U. S. can be a "leavening" force throughout the world and that a higher living standard overseas can only mean a better break for domestic business, since better standards everywhere will remove the menace of sweated labor competing with the relatively well-paid worker in this country.

Right now, on a somewhat less cosmic plane, Baruch is concerned with returning servicemen. He doesn't think they're getting as good treatment as they should be getting.

"They're not properly cared for now," he says. "I'm going to make a hell of a fight for the veterans. I'm going to see that there's one place a veteran can go to in dignity and get what he's entitled to—one central place, where he can go and get everything he's got coming, and get it quick."

Baruch usually gets what he goes after. He works practically as hard now as when he was young, dividing his days between his New York office and the famous bench in a Washington park where he sits and discusses matters of state with Washington big shots.

When he was a young man, Baruch used to do a lot of boxing, and Bob Fitzsimmons once told him he had the makings of a champion. He hasn't done much boxing lately, but he follows fights. The last one he saw was the Louis-Conn fight, and he thinks Louis is a great fighter. Pound for pound, he will string along with Fitzsimmons or maybe George Dixon, who won the featherweight championship of the world in 1892, but he likes Louis.

"Louis is a terrific hitter," Baruch says. "You can tell from the way he holds his hands. He can hit from any position. Fitzsimmons was like that. He could knock a man out with a single punch." Baruch likes hitters; he is one himself. He believes in starting to hit when the fight starts and not stopping until it is over.

For him, this fight will not be over until Germany and Japan are licked and each American who fought is back in a job of his own choice. It is a little strange to see a man of Baruch's age so sure that this is possible, when younger and presumably more fiery men hedge all over the place, but it is very comforting. Not because Baruch is 74, but because he has a habit of being right.

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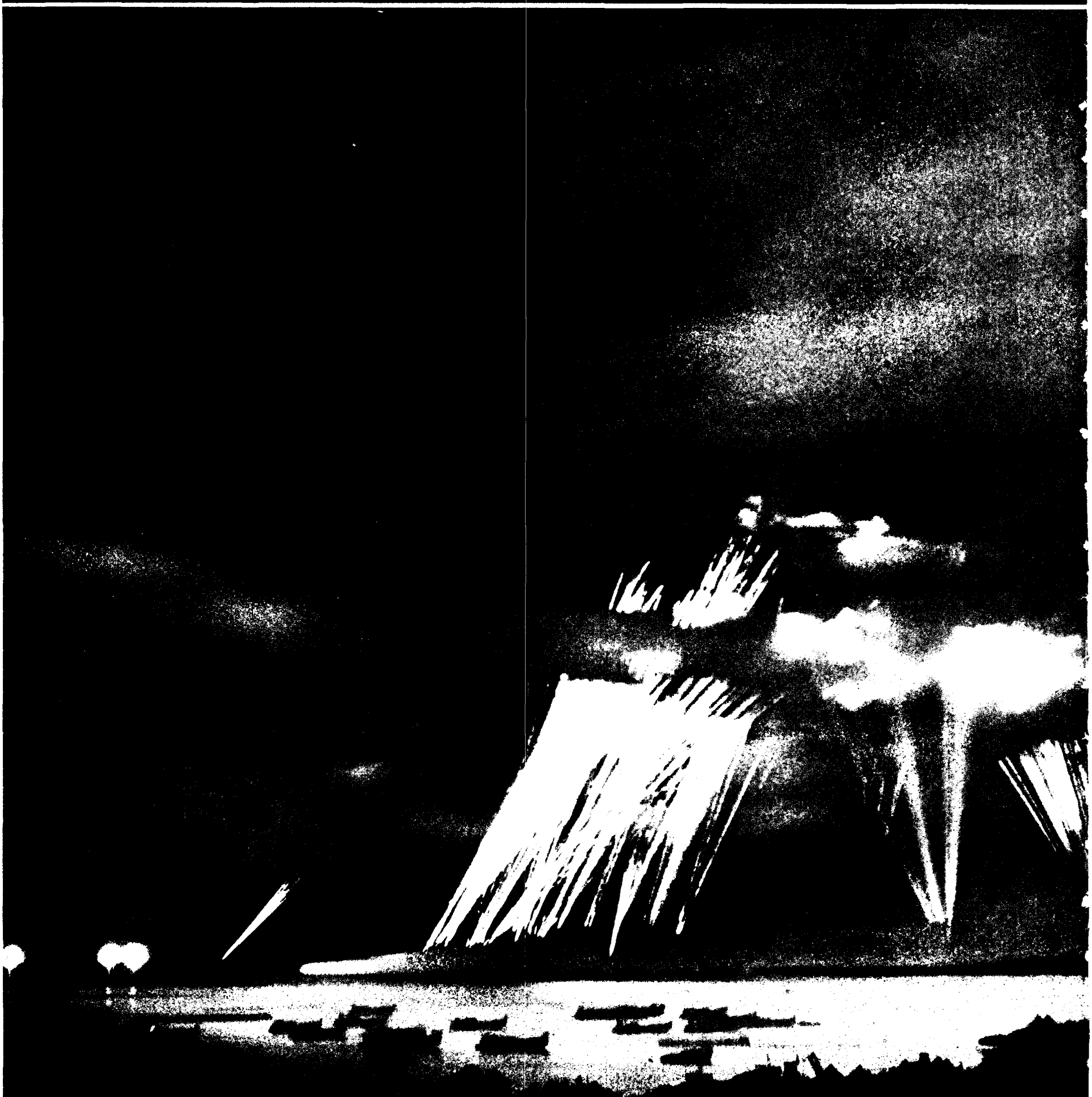
CAMERA IN THE PHILIPPINES



WHEN YANK PHOTOGRAPHER PFC. GEORGE BURNS OPENED HIS SHUTTER FOR A TIME EXPOSURE HE DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET ANYTHING BUT A SILHOUETTE OF THE LEYTE COUNTRYSIDE; BUT IN THOSE THREE MINUTES A JAP PLANE FLEW OVER AND MADE THIS PICTURE. THE JAP DROPPED THREE BOMBS, WHOSE THREE ROUND BURSTS CAN BE SEEN AT THE LEFT, MISSING THE TACLOBAN AIRSTRIP. THICK SHEAVES OF ANTIAIRCRAFT TRACER PRODDED THE SKY AND A VESSEL IN THE HARBOR COVERED THE FIELD WITH A SMOKE SCREEN, EXTENDING HORIZONTALLY ABOVE THE WATER. THE FIREWORKS LIT UP LANDING CRAFT IN THE FOREGROUND.

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YANK photographers take some varied pictures: of bombs, of GIs at work and the nearest thing to play.

Patriotic pal. Girl's mother hid flag from Japs by making it into a dress. Soldier is T-4 Webster Anderson.

T-5 Frank Sinacola of Berkley, Mich., with a bunch of bananas he picked near his shack.

A Jap horse and 40-mm gun carriage made a sulky for these GIs, and a means of hauling water.

A Philippine woman escaped from the Japs tells American officer where the enemy is.

This soldier is as weary as he looks. After a long night on guard he set up his cot under the stern of a communications Duck (DUKW) and with his carbine by his side he catches up on some well-earned sleep.

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MAIL CALL

Veterans' Bonus?

Dear YANK:
Just got through reading your discussion, "Should Veterans of This War Get a Bonus?" [in *The Soldier Speaks*] and was surprised to read that a small minority were opposed to such an outright grant. Why don't these so-called patriots refund to the Treasury any bonus that may be voted us and let us who think we've earned ours keep ours? . . .

I don't believe the Wacs, the Waves or the Spars should be granted such a bonus. They've never had to risk life or limb and with them enlistment was entirely voluntary.

Hawaii —Pvt. RAYMOND E. KAPTAN

Dear YANK:
. . . The veteran has been away for some time and the benefits he can derive from a bonus, given in a lump sum, will do much to help him readjust himself. It would give him a chance to make himself a useful citizen in his community, and he would be more than willing to help pay for the bonus over a period of time through taxation.

Southwest Pacific —Pfc. MEYER GASPIN

Dear YANK:
. . . S/Sgt. Rapoport says that "it is the least a grateful Government can do for those who have sacrificed that it might be preserved." . . . Remember, sergeant, we are the Government (although it seems dubious as hell at times). You and your kids, and my kids and their kids, are going to have to pay for this war. The financial compensations some of the men suggested would cost $25 billion. It's a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. . . .

The GI Bill of Rights and the guarantee of getting your old job back is a pretty square deal.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —Cpl. RICHARD HANDLEY, USMC

Dear YANK:
. . . Maybe we shouldn't bitch because we haven't been in action and maybe never will, but there are a lot of fellows up on the front lines who are giving all they have for our freedom, and we think there is nothing too good for them when they return. . . .

England —Pvt. CHESTER HINKLE*

*Also signed by Pvt. Clarence Ingalls.

Dear YANK:
. . . We should expect as our due, hospitalization, lenient business loans, educational facilities and any occupational therapy necessary to overcome war incapacitation. But, having served to protect what belongs to us and having successfully thwarted another assault on America's basic principles, I certainly cannot justify a mass raid on an already overburdened pocketbook. Help of any kind—especially a flat handout—is nothing more than degrading. . . .

France —T-5 DAVID E. SINGER

Dear YANK:
. . . Because of the added danger infantrymen are subjected to, we feel that Combat Infantry troops only should be paid an additional dollar a day for every day spent in actual combat, not including rear rest areas. . . . Combat units such as Engineers, Medics, Artillery, QM, etc., should receive at least 50 cents extra per day for every day in actual combat. . . .

Philippines —Pvt. MELVIN PANELL*

*Also signed by Pvt. George Nelson.

Dear YANK:
My impression of the best compensation we could receive for our service in time of war, aside from the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, would be the privilege of continuing our National Service Life Insurance at the same cost we paid while in the service.

France —Cpl. C. J. KNITTLE

Dear YANK:
Veterans of this war should get a bonus, but only under the following conditions: *1)* That the veteran does not use the bonus for drinking, gambling or illegal means. *2)* That the veteran does not put it all in a savings account, where it will become "dead" money. This means that most of the bonus will be put back into circulation right away. *3)* If the veteran gets the bonus he should not ask for any financial aid to help him to continue his schooling. This does not include medical aid or the use of the GI loan for helping him to get started in private business. *4)* The amount for the length of time overseas, and time in the Army, has been well taken care of, as far as this GI is concerned, so I won't mess that up any. . . .

Alaska —Pfc. R. H. FANNING JR.

American in Paris

Dear YANK:
In Pvt. Howard Katzander's article, "Paris," a Mr. Weller sticks out like a sore thumb. Pvt. Katzander tells of watching a battle inside the city "with an American resident of Paris, R. E. Weller, a representative of the New York banking firm of Dillon, Read & Company." Later, telling how a prisoner offered British cigarettes and French cognac for his release, Katzander said: "I turned him down. I had American cigarettes and a bottle of excellent American rye, Hiram Walker's best, which Mr. Weller, the American banker, had given to me." . . .

Was Mr. Weller a "resident of Paris" during the four years of Nazi domination? If so, was he a member of the anti-Nazi underground? Or was he a prisoner of the Nazis during this time? It seems doubtful that rations in Nazi concentration camps include American cigarettes and whisky.

Was Mr. Weller transacting business for Dillon, Read & Company during his residence in Paris?

French West Africa —Pfc. DICK HAYWARD

■ According to Dillon, Read & Company, "The man referred to is a French citizen, not an American citizen, which answers the questions raised. He was an employee of the Paris office up to the time the office was closed and its business discontinued in 1939."

GI Constitution (Cont.)

Dear YANK:
While reading the minor bitching of my fellow GIs in *Mail Call*, I noticed one made by a staff sergeant which covered half a column on just exactly what can be done to one, according to the *Article of War, Manual for Courts-Martial*, etc., and ended up stating that "cutting grass, scrubbing floors and such menial labor under corporal guard is degrading to the rank of staff sergeant." . . .

Being merely a degraded private, I have also been made to do menial labor of the most repulsive types, and I've never even been as much as arrested one single time for driving while drinking. My heart bleeds for this poor misunderstood staff sergeant.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. BILL GALLAGHER

Dear YANK:
. . . The disregard for ARs and giving of "unlawful" punishment which he mentions seems to be quite common in the Third Air Force. The *MCM* states that seven days' restriction or seven days' extra duty, but not both, is authorized punishment for the 104th AW. Several outfits have given seven days' restriction and seven days' extra duty. I know of one case where the soldier was given seven days' extra duty and 30 days' restriction under the 104th AW. As for "punishment fitting the dignity of rank," I've known of NCOs of all ranks being placed on KP and menial fatigue details not necessarily as punishment.

It's OK if these AAF "90-day wonders" want to be sloppy about military bearing, courtesy and other customs which make soldiers "because this is the Air Corps, not the Army," but they're going too far when they disregard ARs that are designed to protect the rights of the EM. . . .

Gulfport Field, Miss. —(Name Withheld)

Better Than Money

Dear YANK:
We read a letter in *Mail Call* written by Pfc. W. H. Price [about GIs returning from overseas and losing their 20-percent overseas pay], and we seem unable to get over it. It sticks in our craw, so to speak. We appreciate the 20 percent while we are overseas, but we would gladly give it up just for the privilege of being able to awake from this nightmare and have the Golden Gate Bridge rise up out of the mist before our hungry eyes.

Eighteen months overseas means a lot in the eyes of the public, and also our Government, but we all agree that 20 percent is of no moment when we are able once again to tramp the hills of New England, walk down a certain street in Philadelphia, shoot quail in Illinois, fish in Wisconsin, gaze upon the wide open spaces of Texas or count once again the derricks in the oil fields of Oklahoma. . . .

Philippines —T/Sgt. C. R. BOEHRINGER*

*Also signed by seven others.

"Rommel, Count Your Men"

Dear YANK:
You're a fine old rag and a high-flying rag and all that sort of thing and I like you as do we all, but some things get my goat—like reading carelessly written claims and contentions.

In regard to the article in YANK, "Rommel, Count Your Men" by Sgt. Bill Davidson, some of the details just don't jell. About that unofficial record of three rounds in 40 seconds—well, Sgt. Davidson is correct in saying it is unofficial. As a matter of fact, it's damn unofficial. My battery in the immortal 43d Division, during the Munda affair, fired 10 rounds in 87 seconds and didn't even brag about it. Now, please don't think I'm walking around with a chip on my shoulder. The FA battalion of which he speaks is no doubt a good one and they've got a good piece of material. But you've got to show me where a 155-mm howitzer can hit a tank at 16,000 yards with premeditated intention to do so.

My best wishes to the 33d FA, but don't forget the five Ws of the reporting profession [Who, What, Where, When and hoW.—*Ed.*] and try to be accurate in detail.

Incidentally, during a battalion 10-round concentrating, our battery completed the fire in 90 seconds with No. 3 piece, finishing in 87 seconds.

New Guinea —Cpl. SAMUEL H. KAPLAN

Post-War Germany (Cont.)

Dear YANK:
Pvt. Joe Swire had a good idea in *Mail Call* to control Germany by controlling her heavy industry, but he seems to miss one important aspect. The prosperity of all Western Europe is geared, unfortunately and perchance somewhat loosely, to the prosperity of German industry. So if Pvt. Swire puts the load on German industry, he adversely affects quite a large group of nations upon which the American people depend for favorable relations in international trade. Controlling Germany industrially would only hinder world progress in general.

Let's do away with Germany's "Master Race" principle instead of its industries or brains. How? The Allied nations could set up a semipermanent control over the marriage laws and licenses of all the Germanic people. For at least two generations, this control should make certain that no marriage, lawful or otherwise, could join any two people whose combined pure Germanic lines averaged more than 50 percent. In this way none of the good German blood would be lost and yet it would be impossible for some future leader to band the "pure German supermen" together under arms and precipitate the world into war again. Our present America has been built on such a mixture of bloods. It wouldn't hurt to try a little on Europe.

Alaska —Lt. JOHN S. SOUTHWORTH

Palau Crab

Dear YANK:
I read about crabs on New Georgia, then I saw them "in person" here. We have here what we call the .45-caliber crab. He is by nature a hermit crab who is not issued a shell at birth, but has to live in some small sea shell. As he grows bigger he finds a bigger shell and uses it. I don't know how it happened, but this particular crab got too big for the shell he was using and went in search of a new one. It seems that sea sheels were scarce, so he chose the next best thing, a .45-caliber shell, and stuck his tail in it, carrying it at a jaunty angle. So now he goes trucking down the beach with a nice, strong, shiny brass bungalow that will last till some GI character makes us police up the brass. This is a true story and I'll swear it on all the Bibles in the chaplain's office.

Palau —Cpl. W. N. RHODES

Sanitation Made Easy

Dear YANK:
This outfit has a barracks inspection every morning. If it does not satisfy the inspecting officer he dumps the garbage can on the nearest bed he can find. We would like to know what AR states that we have to put up with a situation such as this.

Central Pacific —(Names Withheld)*

*Signed by 30 men.

Post-War Blueprints

Dear YANK:
After being forced to live in places so bad that landlords were ashamed to tell the OPA that it was for rent, my wife and I have developed an obsession to own our own home after the war. I am only an amateur at carpentry but I think I could build a small house, provided I had a blueprint or plan that was simple enough to follow. If enough GIs were interested, perhaps someone would design such a plan. A small charge for printing and mailing could make it available to veterans.

Anything that doesn't look like a barracks or a latrine is okay with me.

Fort Belvoir, Va. —Cpl. FREDERICK H. WEISS

Paratroop Boots

Dear YANK:
We are the victims of a circumstance which we believe we have the right to bitch about. Being paratroopers and taking the risks involved in jumping, we believe we deserve the exclusive right to wear the distinctive uniform of our branch of the service.

Since we arrived here in New Guinea we have had trouble getting boots, and a lot of us have made as many as seven jumps in GI shoes. Just recently we have been issued one pair of jump boots per man with the admonition that they are to be worn only during off-duty hours, because they can't be replaced once they are worn out. If this situation was the result of a shortage in the production of boots or transportation difficulties, it would be a different matter, but it isn't. Most of the Red Cross workers, Wacs, Army nurses, some unauthorized infantrymen and a damned good percentage of the base commandos can get them. Why can't we?

I can hear someone saying they are engineer boots. No, they aren't. It's easy to tell the difference. Besides, some of us got engineer boots as substitutes.

If these fellows want to wear the jump suits and boots, why don't they become paratroopers instead of depriving another soldier of his equipment? The Paratroops can usually use a few replacements, so it shouldn't be impossible to get in. They are either too lazy to lace their leggings or they aren't willing to labor for the fruit.

New Guinea —Cpl. WILLIAM G. REVEL*

*Also signed by three others.

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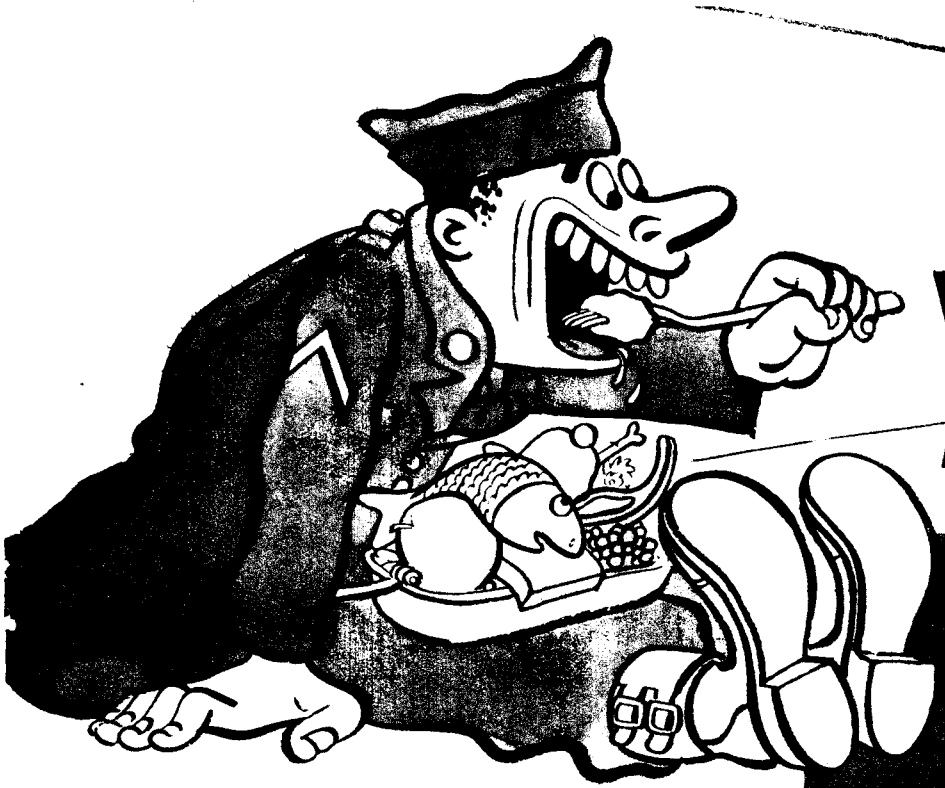


Eating is different among the natives of America, so soldier, beware.

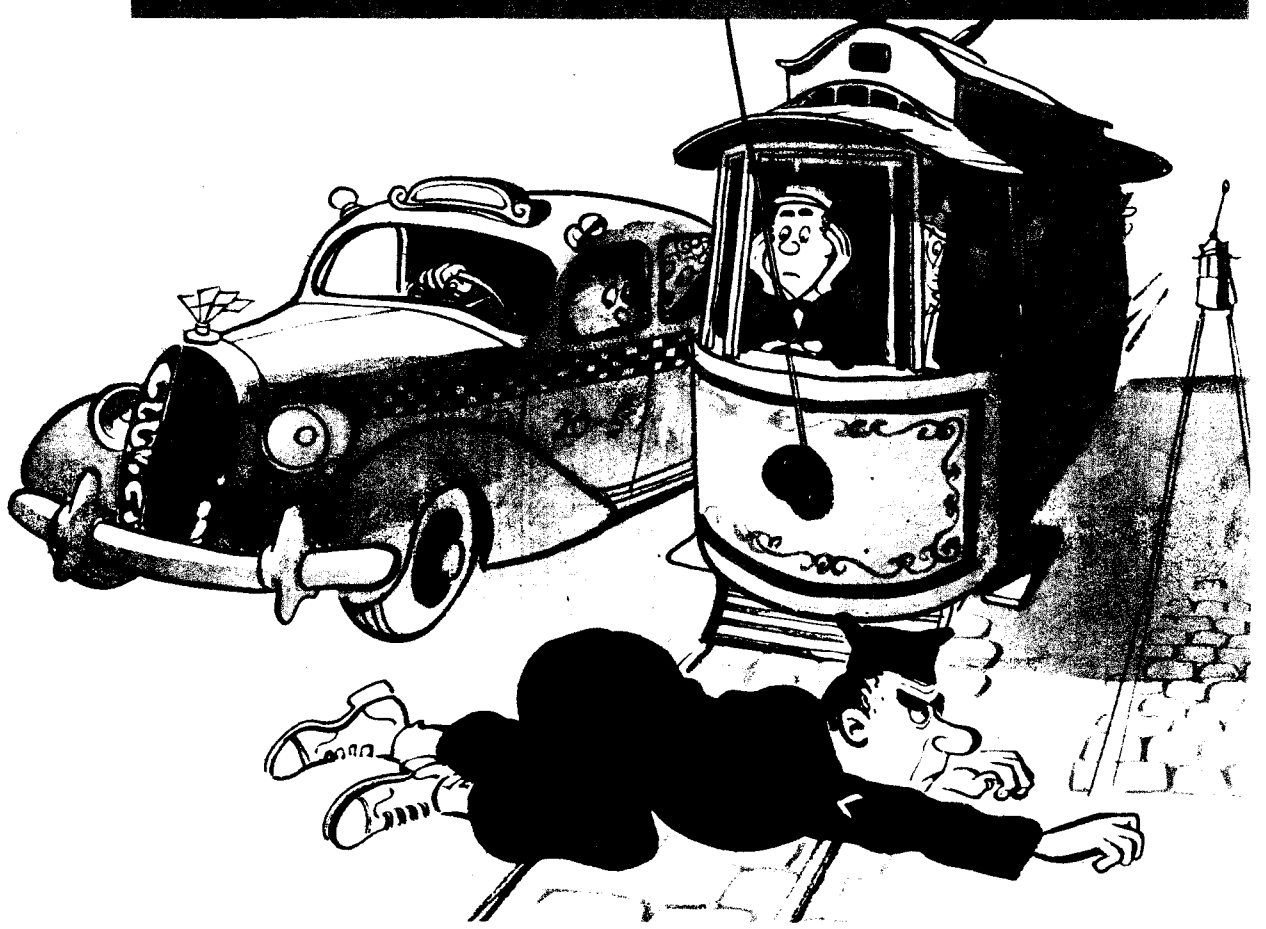
HOW TO ACT

IN the Army you're here one day and gone the next, or sometimes the day before. Brooding on this and on the dreadful possibility that some GIs now leading a carefree existence in beautiful Germany, romantic Luzon or other garden spots may be moved eventually, according to the caprice of the War Department, to the wilds of America, Sgt. Barry Ziff, an old traveling man in the ETO, has compiled the following warnings against pitfalls. This America is a strange land, and a GI who has been serving happily in other climes needs special briefing for it. YANK's Sgt. Ralph Stein has put Sgt. Ziff's words of wisdom into what is known in the trade, or the profession as some of us plumbers call it, as art work.

DON'T use a grenade to open doors. The natives have developed a primitive contrivance known as a knob which serves the purpose almost as well. It is neither so quick nor so efficient as a grenade, but it may be used over and over on the same door as even the best grenades may not.

DON'T tell the native girls what you are thinking about in the simple pidgin English which works so well in most countries. The native girls in the U. S. A. have developed a subtle sixth sense which enables them to grasp your expectations without the aid of speech, and a tribal taboo in most American cities bans the expressive words of your ordinary sentimental vocabulary.

DON'T crawl on your stomach when crossing an open field. If you find yourself doing this automatically and curious natives come up to gibe at you, tell them you have lost a *dime* (a unit of currency worth approximately half a bob or three piasters). When they fall for the gag and start crawling themselves, you can make your getaway without being noticed.



It is not necessary to crawl on your stomach when crossing an open space. The Americans think it strange.

TRY to avoid the usual procedure of dumping all your food — ice cream, brussels sprouts, mutton, potatoes and jelly — onto one plate. The natives here have inadequately developed taste glands and serve each different food on a different plate. You needn't bother about having to wash all these dishes, for KPs in America are mostly recruited from a strange, almost-human species known as women.

WHEN you are about to leave a gathering of natives and find that your hat has disappeared, don't flourish your .45 and shout, "Nobody leaves this room till the sonofabitch who has my hat coughs it up!" You will find that they have hidden your hat but will return it to you when you are ready to leave. This is not mere prankishness but a well-established custom of the country. There are places known as *joints*, where, once your hat is taken away, it will be given back only for a fee.

DON'T put on a coat and take a flashlight when you have to go to the latrine. The native huts are equipped with a separate room for this purpose, confusingly camouflaged with white enamel, chromium, brass and booby-trap rugs which slip out from under the unwary intruder.

A tribal taboo bans most of the expressive words of soldier sentiment.

Don't ever try to open doors with hand grenades.

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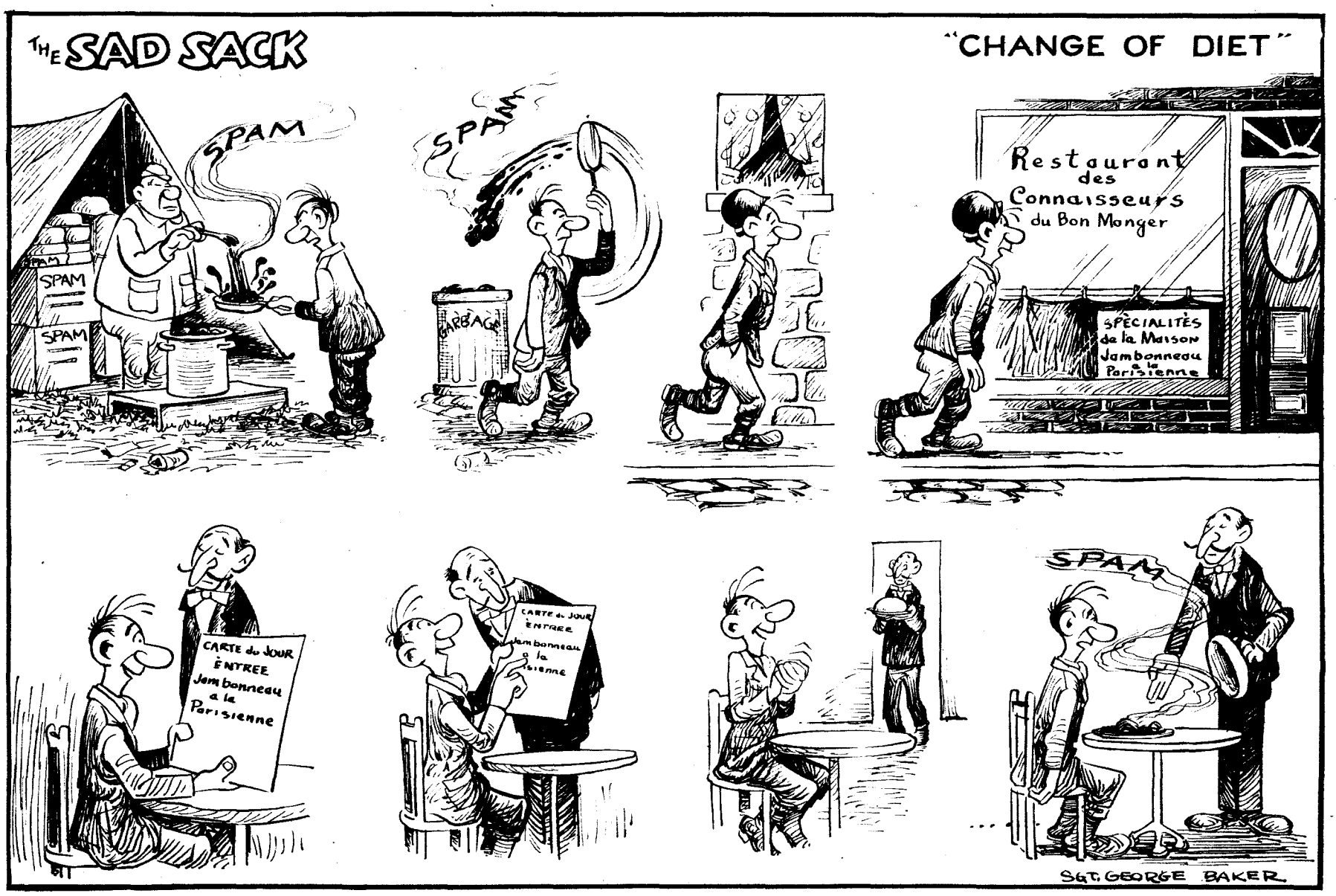
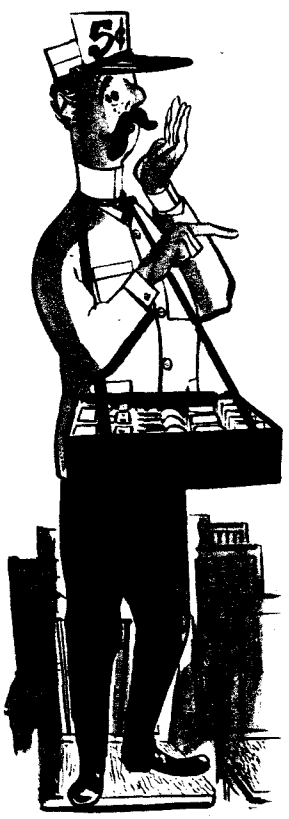


Kindly Let All Those Who Are Going Out First

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS

IRAN—When I was a very small boy my grandfather used to take me to vaudeville shows at the old Davis Theater in Pittsburgh, named after the same Harry Davis who had contributed to vaudeville's decline by opening the world's first nickelodeon on Diamond Street.

Those were wonderful experiences. Trick bicycle riders went spinning around the backdrops like so many pinwheels, trained dogs goose-stepped back and forth across the stage, seals seemed delighted to bleat out "America" on a trumpet for a fish. Once I caught the Great Man himself, W. C. Fields, imperturbably juggling more balls than anyone had ever juggled before, his bulbous nose in the air, his mind on the bottle in his hip pocket.



What fascinated me most of all, though, was no part of the actual performance. My main event came after the show, when the lights went up and the impatient audience began to scramble out of the old theater. Then my hero, a candy barker who wore a white jacket and a long-visored cap, used to climb up and stand on a chair at the head of one of the aisles.

"Kindly let all those who are going out first," he would chant.

That is my most vivid memory of those exciting afternoons. I can still hear that barker in the ice-cream suit singing out monotonously, "Kindly let all those who are going out first."

For years I tried to get some meaning out of that sentence. While other less troubled boys were diligently developing muscles, digging furtively into textbooks on feminine anatomy, heisting autos and being sent to reform school, I puzzled over the barker's cry.

"Kindly let all those who are going out first." Just try to make some sense out of that.

It has all the component parts—understood subject, verb, etc.—of an orthodox sentence, but it doesn't add up to anything. You can repeat it over and over with different inflections, emphasize one word or another in it, stand it on its head and shake the daylights out of it, but I defy anyone to decipher it.

It's a doozer.

MY early experience with that preposterous sentence is what made me feel so much at home when the Army first landed me in Trinidad and later in Scotland, Algiers, Corsica, Bari, Naples, Cairo and Teheran.

For the Army, which is all things to all men, had provided me with a delightful new line to ponder and play around with. Of course it could never quite take the place in my heart of "Kindly let all those who are going out first." But, for a lonely stranger in a foreign land, it would do. It would do very well.

The new phrase which captivated my imagination was usually posted by the British military over the entrances of the less prepossessing cafes and restaurants in the various cities and countries I have mentioned.

The phrase on a placard and it read:

> IN BOUNDS TO OTHER RANKS ONLY.

"Other than what?" I asked myself. It didn't make sense. It was maddening.

Eventually though, through bitter experience, I learned that all troops below the grade of sergeant are considered "other ranks." World-famous hostelries such as Mena House and Shepheard's in Cairo, the Aletti in Algiers and the Ferdowsi in Teheran are for officers only; warrant officers and sergeants have their own restaurants; the ones which are left are open to "other ranks."

After I had learned what it meant and implied, all the charm of "In Bounds to Other Ranks Only" was gone for me. Besides, I could never roll it off my tongue in quite the way I could "Kindly let all those who are going out first."

In the many months since I found out about "other ranks," life has been a punctured balloon for me, a lackluster bauble without glamor or mystery.

BUT all is well again now. I am all set for the duration plus six.

At breakfast this morning the mess line didn't move fast enough to suit one of the KPs who slap out the food. To expedite things, he hit on a new operating procedure for the sleepy GIs who moved slowly past him.

"Let's keep one feet moving," he told them as they passed. "Keep one feet moving."

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STRICTLY GI

Casualties

Ground Forces, Western Front. U. S. Ground Forces suffered 232,912 casualties on the Western Front from D-Day to Jan. 1, 1945, it has been announced by the Secretary of War. The total represents 54,562 killed, 232,672 wounded and 45,678 missing. Ground Force losses for December on the Western Front totaled 74,788 and included 10,419 killed, 43,554 wounded and 20,815 missing. Most of the missing, he said, probably have been captured. German casualties for the same period were estimated at 110,000 to 130,000, including 50,000 taken prisoner.

106th Division. The secretary's announcement said that the 106th Infantry Division suffered 8,663 casualties in its "gallant stand" near St. Vith in the Battle of the Ardennes Bulge. The 106th's dead numbered 416; wounded, 1,246; missing, 7,001.

Sixth Army Group announced that its casualties from Aug. 15 to Jan. 5 totaled 72,227, of which 40,683 were in the U. S. Seventh Army and 31,544 in the French First Army. The dead: 6,742 Americans, 5,667 French; wounded: 30,308 Americans, 24,287 French; captured or missing: 3,633 Americans, 1,590 French. During the period in which these losses were suffered, the group captured 158,301 of the enemy and buried at least 6,156 German dead. It was pointed out that the German fatalities were obviously higher, inasmuch as most of the dead were found during our rapid advance up the Rhone or after the break-through, whereas the Germans buried their own dead during the static warfare in the Vosges and on the Siegfried Line.

British Losses

British Empire forces suffered 1,043,554 casualties between Sept. 3, 1939, and Dec. 1, 1944, according to a report made by Prime Minister Winston Churchill before the House of Commons. The United Kingdom suffered most heavily with 635,107 military casualties. Churchill's break-down of the casualty figures listed Newfoundland with the United Kingdom:

Country	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners
United Kingdom	199,497	235,207	39,383	161,020
Canada	28,040	39,010	4,807	7,128
Australia	18,015	34,336	6,913	25,597
New Zealand	8,919	17,115	928	7,153
South Africa	5,783	11,796	599	10,765
India	17,415	45,224	13,935	76,023
Colonies	4,493	3,686	14,015	6,752
Totals	282,162	386,374	80,580	294,438

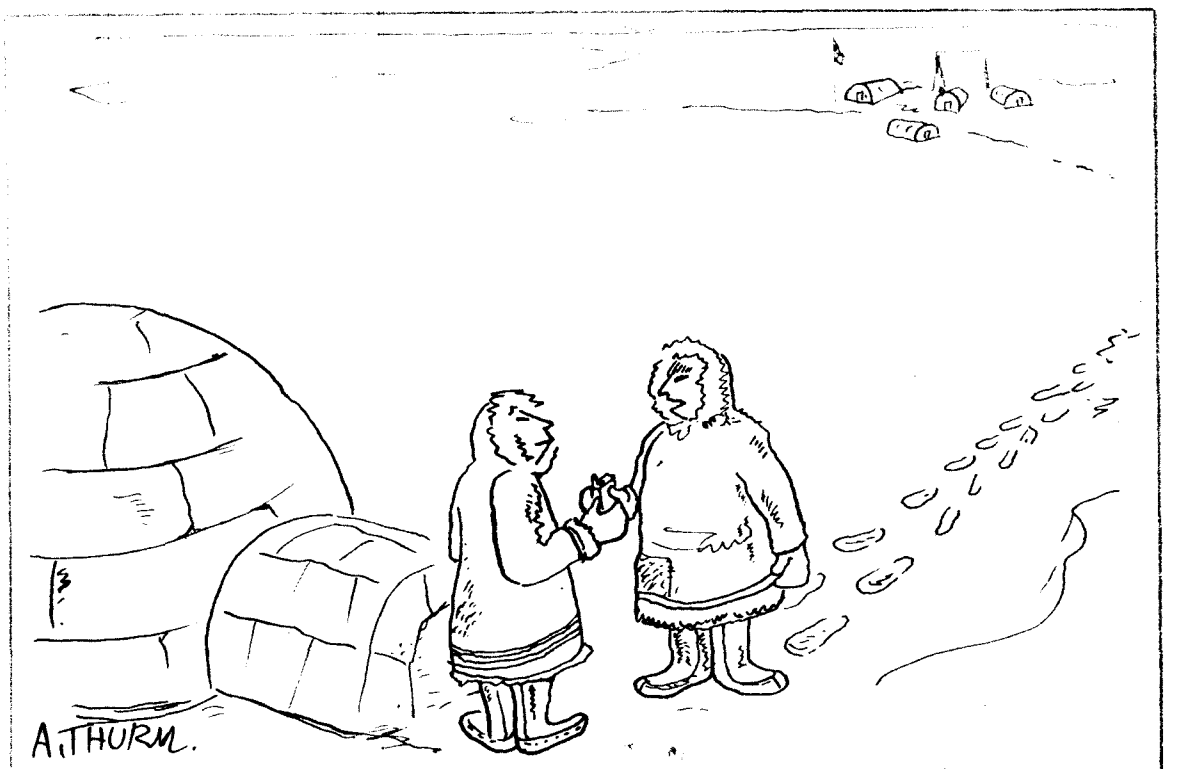
The totals do not include service personnel who died of natural causes, civilian casualties or losses in the merchant navy. The United Kingdom's civilian losses stand at 140,675, and the total of 58,723 dead includes 24,470 women and 7,462 children below the age of 16.

Vermont Voting

Municipal and town elections will be held in Vermont on Mar. 6. Vermont soldiers who wish to vote, but who are uncertain of their eligibility, may obtain the information by writing to the Secretary of State, Montpelier, Vt. The letter should inquire as to what steps are to be taken to register, what taxes are necessary and what other requirements must be met, and should be written early to provide ample time for the ballot to be marked and returned. (General instructions on soldier voting are in *WD Cir. No. 487, 30 December 1944.)*

WAC Discharges

The WAC policy on members whose husbands are discharged from the armed forces, quoted from the Office of the Director, WAC, is as follows: "When a man has been in combat service, and receives an honorable discharge for physical reasons, and a doctor certifies that his wife's presence at home is desirable for his health and morale, she may apply for a discharge."



"They didn't have any Camels or Luckies, so I got these."

Unit Citations

The War Department announced award of Distinguished Unit Citations to the following units in recognition of outstanding performance of duty in armed conflict with the enemy:

376th Bombardment Group
463d Bombardment Group
465th Bombardment Group
484th Bombardment Group
885th Bombardment Squadron (H) (Special)
2d Battalion, 120th Infantry Regiment
Company K, 120th Infantry Regiment
1st Battalion, 116th Infantry
1st Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment
2d Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment
7th Photo Reconnaissance Group.

Air Forces in Italy

The Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, commanded by Maj. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, has flown 150 million miles in 150,000 sorties against enemy targets in 12 different countries. During this flying it dropped 200,000 tons of bombs on 630 industrial and military targets.

Losses approximated 2,400 AAF planes lost in aerial combat, just over 1.5 percent. Fifteenth Air Force casualties total about 16,000 men, including prisoners who were later returned from occupied countries.

Since the invasion of Italy, planes of Maj. Gen. John K. Cannon's Twelfth Tactical Air Force, operating from the Mediterranean, flew 223,896 sorties and 550,673 combat hours, dropping a total of 127,371 tons of bombs.

Twelfth Air Force medium and light bombers destroyed 292 enemy planes in aerial combat; fighters and fighter-bombers destroyed 460. The Twelfth lost 1,173 planes to antiaircraft fire and aerial combat. In seven months Twelfth fighter-bombers destroyed or damaged 13,065 motor vehicles, 14,526 railroad cars, 1,074 locomotives and more than 1,100 bridges.

New Hospital Ships

Seven former Army troopships and steamers have been stripped of their armament and are being converted into Army hospital ships, bringing the number of hospital ships to 29. The new ships will have a combined capacity of 5,355 patients. Ships to be converted are the *Saturnia*, former Italian luxury liner; *Colombie* and *Athos II*, former French liners; *Republic* and *President Tyler*, former U. S. liners; and the *Ernestine Koranda* and *Lois A. Milne*, former Army steamers.

Washington OP

Draft Increases. Selective Service will have to draft 100,000 men in March, Secretary of War Stimson announced at a press conference. This represents an increase of 20,000 over the monthly quotas for January and February and a rise of 40,000 over December. The tempo of action both in Europe and the Pacific has "increased radically in intensity," Secretary Stimson commented in explaining the Army's increased demands. "The Germans are very evidently not going to accept the inevitable without a fight to the finish, and the war against the Japanese has moved ahead of schedule."

Reporters asked the secretary if it were not true that the Army is already overstrength considering its ceiling of 7,700,000. He said this was correct, but that not all of the men in the Army are effective, that 450,000 are sick or wounded in Army hospitals and that another 85,000 have to be counted as ineffective while they are "moving in and out in the so-called pipe line for the maintenance of the rotation policy."

In addition to the Army's increased demands, more men are needed in certain critical war industries, Secretary Stimson reported. By mid-year, 300,000 more workers will be required in plants making heavy ammo, heavy guns, trucks, heavy-duty tires and cotton duck, and 200,000 more will be necessary for war-supporting fields such as public utilities, construction trades and transportation lines. Still another 200,000 war workers must be found to furnish the war production which is needed to arm some additional French divisions.

Older men must fill the needs of industry, it was indicated. Secretary Stimson made it clear that "substantially all" physically qualified men under 30 will have to get into the armed forces this year no matter how important their present jobs.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Iran-Iraq: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.

Panama: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

Puerto Rico: Sgt. Don Cooke, FA; Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Middle East: Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

French West Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. John Moran, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

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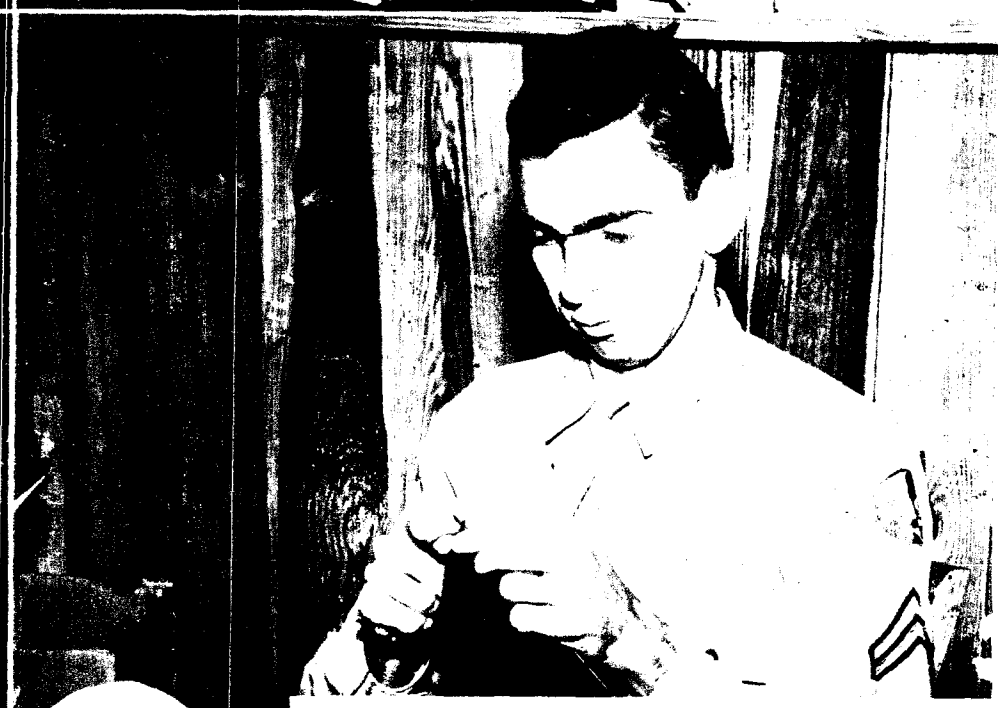
WHO'S BOSS? Pfc. Dick Grower has a pretty MP brassard on his arm, but it looks as though the lady on the right has the rank on him and the law too. She's his wife and a mess sergeant at the AAF Training Command post, Kirtland Field, N. Mex. It looks like army chow for the MP for a long time to come.

HARMONY MAN. *One of the aids to GI digestion at the AG-SF Redistribution Center, Miami Beach, Fla., is T-5 Fred Bratach, former orchestra leader of St. Paul, Minn. Returning soldiers who are awaiting reassignment are sitting easy with their lunches as Fred gives out at the console with some soft music.*

ADDED HONOR. At the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., T Sgt. Charles E. (Commando) Kelly gets more recognition for his exploits. Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, *commandant of the school, is here pinning the British Military Cross on* him, awarded for gallantry in the field near Altavilla in the Italian campaign.



Combat Vet Back Home In Old Kentucky

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. Twice wounded by bayonet, twice by shrapnel and once by rifle fire, ex-paratrooper Sgt. Troy Harris counts his lucky stars by clusters now that he is back from overseas and on Kentucky's soil again. The 27-year-old veteran from Lexington, Ky., recently returned to the States and was assigned to Camp Breckinridge for limited service after 31 months of foreign duty, nine of them spent in hospitals. He has a silver plate in his skull and battle scars on both legs, his head and his left hand.

Sgt. Harris participated in the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns and experienced several brushes with death. During the Sicilian invasion he was nearly killed by Allied riflemen while he was parachuting down to the attack, a bullet creasing one finger before he could make his identity known. On two other occasions he was wounded in bayonet skirmishes—once when an Italian adversary surprised him while he was resting; again when he partially deflected a Nazi infantryman's bayonet thrust after a fellow-soldier had yelled a warning. Harris shot and killed both foes.

Sgt. Harris was a prisoner for six days. He and three other Americans were taken captive in Italy after advancing beyond Anzio. Their German captors took them to an Italian farmhouse, which was being utilized by the Nazis as an observation post. "One of the German officers spoke English and said he had lived in the United States before the war," recalls Sgt. Harris. "I asked him how he could fight for the Heinies after living in the good old United States. He didn't answer but he slapped me good." When the area was subjected to heavy artillery fire, the Germans took off and left their prisoners, who then made their way back to their own lines.

To ease the tension of combat, Sgt. Harris collected autographs. He has several hundred, written on foreign paper currency picked up in Algeria, Sicily and Italy. In his collection are the signatures of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Ernie Pyle, John Garfield, Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Fredric March, Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Raye, Carole Landis, Jack Sharkey, Joe E. Brown and Joe Jackson Jr.

Sgt. Harris likes to tell about getting Gen. Eisenhower's signature. "The general was talking to our troops," he says, "asking them about food, equipment and different things. When he got through I just walked up, saluted and told him I had a dollar bill I'd like him to autograph. He grinned and replied: 'Sure, soldier, where is it?'"

—Sgt. CARL RITTER

MUST SELL

Fort Bragg, N. C.—Not to be taken as a sign that the war is nearly over but possibly as a straw in the wind is the advertisement of the Supply Officer in a recent issue of the Fort Bragg *Daily Bulletin*. It offered for sale 72 yards of red tape.

—Cpl. ROY KAMMERMAN

Soldier Finds Knitting Key To Steady Nerves

Boca Raton AAF, Fla.—Instead of worrying over problems, Cpl. Sid Thompson of Tuscaloosa, Ala., gets out his knitting and starts to work. "By the time I have finished the first row," he says, "the problem is either solved or forgotten."

Cpl. Thompson has a definite theory about knitting. "It occupies the mind and the hands at the same time and consequently relaxes the entire body," he says. "I've been knitting for six years, and I have steady nerves and good health to show for it."

Thompson moved to New York after taking a BS degree in commerce at the Universtiy of Alabama. He worked in the credit office of the National City Bank and took up knitting after he developed pains in the stomach and found they were caused by nervous tension.

Since he has been in the Army, Thompson has taught a number of soldiers to knit. He has found others who already knew how but wouldn't admit it until they saw him take out his knitting bag, settle down in a corner and start clicking his needles. He has knitted socks, ladies' anklets, mittens and highball jackets for friends.

He broke a finger playing volleyball recently, but that didn't stop him from knitting. He hung the yarn over the splint and started a muffler.

DEAD EARNEST

Camp Blanding, Fla.—An OCS applicant in the 61st Regiment was probably in dead earnest when he wrote this statement into his list of qualifications for a commission: "My three years of experience as a funeral director qualify me to handle grave responsibilities."

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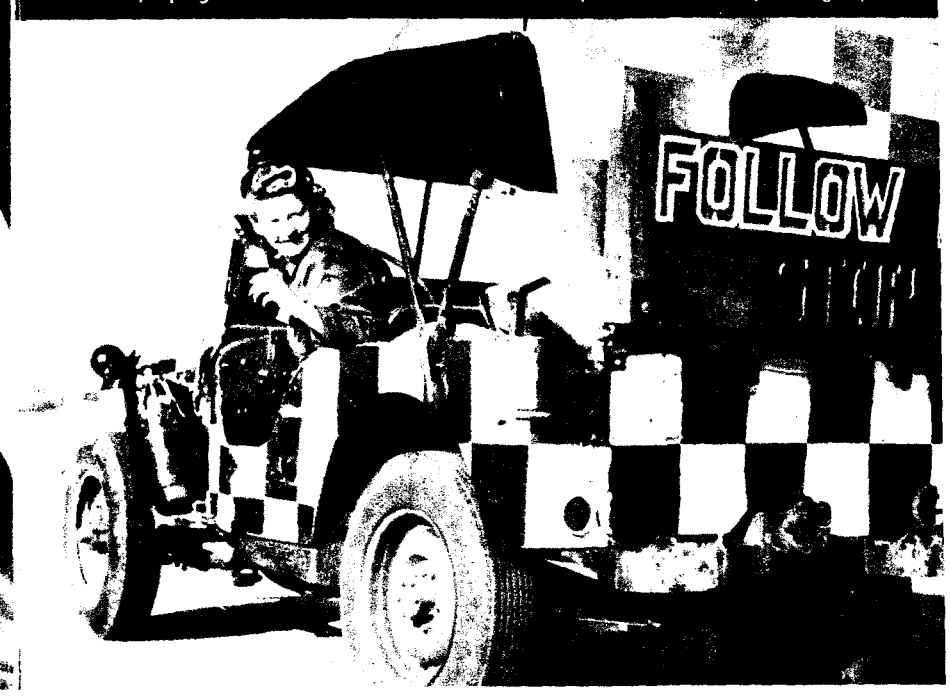
...ers from overseas to find that both had twins born after they were away. Sgt. Joe Dickson, a veteran of the Aleutians, and S Sgt. Walter Sliwa from the European theater swap pictures of their twins at the AAF Overseas Replacement Depot, Greensboro, N. C.



COULD YOU HELP IT? That's an easy sign to obey when Wac Pvt. Marjorie Bird of Portland, Oreg., is ahead of it. When planes land at the ATC's Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Base, Calif., she is the first to meet them. Her checkered jeep guides them over the airdrome aprons to their parking spaces.

The Case of Blue Dog vs. Red Dog

Camp Wolters, Tex.—Sgt. Frederick J. Hertz was a lawyer in Milwaukee, Wis., in civilian life, but it took the Army to get him involved in such a case as "Blue Dog vs. Red Dog." He holds forth as the enlisted assistant to the Legal Assistance officers in the IRTC here. One day a soldier's wife came to him and placed two boudoir dogs on his desk—a red one and a blue one. A boudoir dog, in case you are not familiar with the object, is made of yarn placed upon a cloth base and resembles a Pekingese. It's the sort of thing a woman uses to clutter up a dressing table.

Sgt. Hertz

This soldier's wife told Hertz that her doggy business was going to the dogs because a manufacturer in the district threatened her with an infringement-of-patent suit. She was making boudoir dogs in a town near the camp and hiring six other soldiers' wives to help her. And the complaining manufacturer contended that her dogs (represented by exhibit A—the red dog) looked too much like his dogs (represented by exhibit B—the blue dog).

Sgt. Hertz had a lot to learn, not only about patent laws, but also about what makes one boudoir dog distinctive from another. So he told the soldier's wife to return in a couple of weeks. He took off to a law library in Fort Worth and did some research. Then he sat down and wrote the manufacturer a whereas-and-whereupon letter, expressing the opinion that boudoir dogs were not subject to patent in such a manner as to prevent a soldier's wife from supporting herself by the manufacture and sale of her own brand. As a result, the manufacturer did not take action against the soldier's wife.

Figuratively speaking, he called off his dogs.

—Cpl. HERBERT BRIN

TIGHTENING UP SAD SLACK

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—T/Sgt. Nelson Mintz of Base Consolidated Supply received this letter recently from the wife of a pfc: "I have repeatedly appealed to my husband, now 23 pounds overweight, to go on a diet. But he doesn't have the will power. If he loses avoirdupois it will help Uncle Sam because he will be a better soldier. Also he will look handsomer when we go walking. So would you please issue him a smaller uniform so he will have to reduce?"

—S Sgt. BERT BRILLER

CAMP NEWS

Foster General Hospital, Miss.—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wallis, the librarian here, reports that a convalescent GI, while looking up the list of countries belonging to the League of Nations, became so fascinated with the World Book Encyclopedia that he decided to read it through from A to Z. The last time she checked on him, he was in the fifth volume, somewhere between "Cast Iron" and "Cole, Vicat."

Camp Carson, Colo.—Convalescent soldiers from overseas battlefronts prefer competitive sports, according to Vern Turner, manager of the Broadmoor Ice Palace. Three times a week Turner turns the rink over to them, and the boys play a game of their own invention—football on ice. Using a volleyball in place of a football and ice skates in place of cleats, they have rules for their rugged game that are as loosely interpreted as those of sandlot football. Turner's only problem is finding referees brave enough to stay on the ice for a whole game.

Kearney AAF, Nebr.—Cpl. Gordon R. Brantley of this field claims to be one of the few GIs whose parents have APO numbers. His father, a civilian working with the Engineers, is somewhere in Alaska, and so is Mrs. Brantley.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Carrabelle is just a little town on the Camp Gordon Johnston Reservation, but Esiquie Peres of Odem, Tex., a former MP corporal, likes it. After he was transferred to Fort Lewis, Wash., and given a medical discharge, he returned here to patrol the streets of Carrabelle as a civilian policeman.

Smoky Hill AAF, Salina, Kans.—Pfc. Paul Fish believes he has set some sort of record as a GI movie fan. Since his induction in May 1942 at Philadelphia, he has viewed GI movies every night with the exception of two. He missed one evening because he drew guard duty and another when he attended a squadron party. That was during the two years he spent in Puerto Rico.

Keene Carver No Keen Carver

Fort Warren, Wyo.—Pvt. Keene Carver of Salt Lake City, Utah, suspects that his name had something to do with his having been selected as a surgical technician in the Army.

"Looks like the patient has two strikes against him before I start," he says, "but I'm not so keen about carving, really. Mother's maiden name was Keene and Dad's name was Carver, so when I came along they hit upon the idea of using their last names for both of mine."

Carver drove a bus on the Denver-Salt Lake City run for nine years without an accident, and he can't understand how he escaped being an Army chauffeur—particularly after he spent eight of his 17 weeks of basic training in chauffeur's school at Camp Barkeley, Tex.

"Now, with all this training I'm getting in the Army Medical Corps," he says, "and coupled with the name I have, I might even study medicine after the war and become a surgeon."

Back From Shooting Gallery

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—"You might think," T/Sgt. Frank L. Allard reminisced, that "there's not much excitement in submarine spotting. Well, maybe so, but we had moments when I felt like a very lonely duck in a very rough shooting gallery."

Allard, now an instructor in the Communications Procedure Branch at the AAF Training Command Radio School here, flew patrols over the Caribbean, the iceberg-studded seas around Labrador, and the Bay of Biscay.

"It's true," he said, "there were times when it was just a grind—10 to 15 hours at a stretch—watching for a white wake on the sea. We'd fly low, about 500 feet—so low that up at Newfoundland I could see seal herds on the icebergs. But at least we could relax once in a while on that patrol. Over the Bay of Biscay we'd be attacked by JU-88s about every other time out. And don't forget we never had any fighter protection. We always went out alone. A single B-24 would be jumped by a pack of 4 to 10 Jerries. Sometimes a squadron leader would attack singly and the others would watch like students. Some game!"

General's Son Happy as Pfc

Camp Fannin, Tex.—His dad is a brigadier general, one of his brothers is a colonel, another is a captain and a third is a first lieutenant. Pfc. Cloyce Shepard of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., figures that's enough brass for one family without his adding to it.

Pfc. Shepard has been in the Army five of his 24 years and spent 26 months in the Pacific. He trained as an infantryman in the 5th Division and had some experience as a ski trooper; then he joined a combat MP outfit and shipped to Australia. He was one of 25 Americans who volunteered and fought with the Alamo Scouts, an Australian Commando battalion that saw action at Finschafen and Madang.

After three attacks of malaria and a leg injury, Shepard was shipped back to the States last September. He had a 21-day furlough at home and spent 21 days at the AGF Redistribution Center at Hot Springs, Ark. Then he was assigned to the MPs here, where he rides a motorcycle around camp. He is thoroughly familiar with motorcycles; in New Guinea, two were shot from under him.

While he was in New Guinea, he saw all three of his brothers. His father is head of the ATC in the Southwest Pacific and his brothers are all in the AAF. But Pfc. Shepard has no aspirations to join them in the air. "I'm strictly a landlubber," he says.

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NAVY NOTES

The Navy on the Ball. Until recently it was unheard-of for a fleet to strike more than 1,000 miles from its base. Even when the task force was developed, the Japs assumed that it would have to return to base for refueling after a strike. But this was solved by greatly developing the supply-train principle—putting hulls under service stations and ammunition depots and taking them to sea with the task force. From this train of auxiliary ships a task force can obtain fuel, ammunition, spare parts, food, fresh water—anything from sheet metal to sirloin steaks. Any damaged ship that still floats can be repaired sufficiently to make port. These auxiliaries—ADs, AEs, AFs and so on—are known as the "A" fleet.

American planes, always superior in fire power and armor, are now robbing the famed Jap Zero of its last advantages. The Zero is still probably the most maneuverable fighter in the world and for a long time it was much faster than anything the Navy had in the Pacific. But it was always a "Fancy Dan," lacking in pilot protection, and could be shot down if it could be caught. Now reports from the Pacific tell of Navy fighters overtaking Zeros to shoot them down.

Some of the results of the Navy's constant development can be seen in two recent statements. Vice Adm. Mitscher said: "The U. S. Navy has virtually wiped Japanese naval aviation out of existence and has shot down more than 4,000 enemy planes within the last year and a half." And Adm. Nimitz announced that all six Japanese carriers whose planes raided Pearl Harbor now lie in the bottom of the Pacific, while all but five of the U. S. ships sunk at Pearl Harbor have since returned to active duty.

Ranked. A BM2c was standing in line at the ship's service counter to buy some perfume for his wife, who is a Navy nurse. A woman pushed in ahead of him. "Excuse me, I was here first," said the sailor. "My husband is an officer," said the woman. "What's his rank?" asked the sailor. "He's an ensign," she answered. "Too bad," said the sailor, "My wife's a jg."

Medical Progress. Mass chemoprophylaxis against respiratory diseases caused by strep infections is to be instituted in all Navy training stations as a result of what is termed "the largest controlled experiment in the history of medicine."

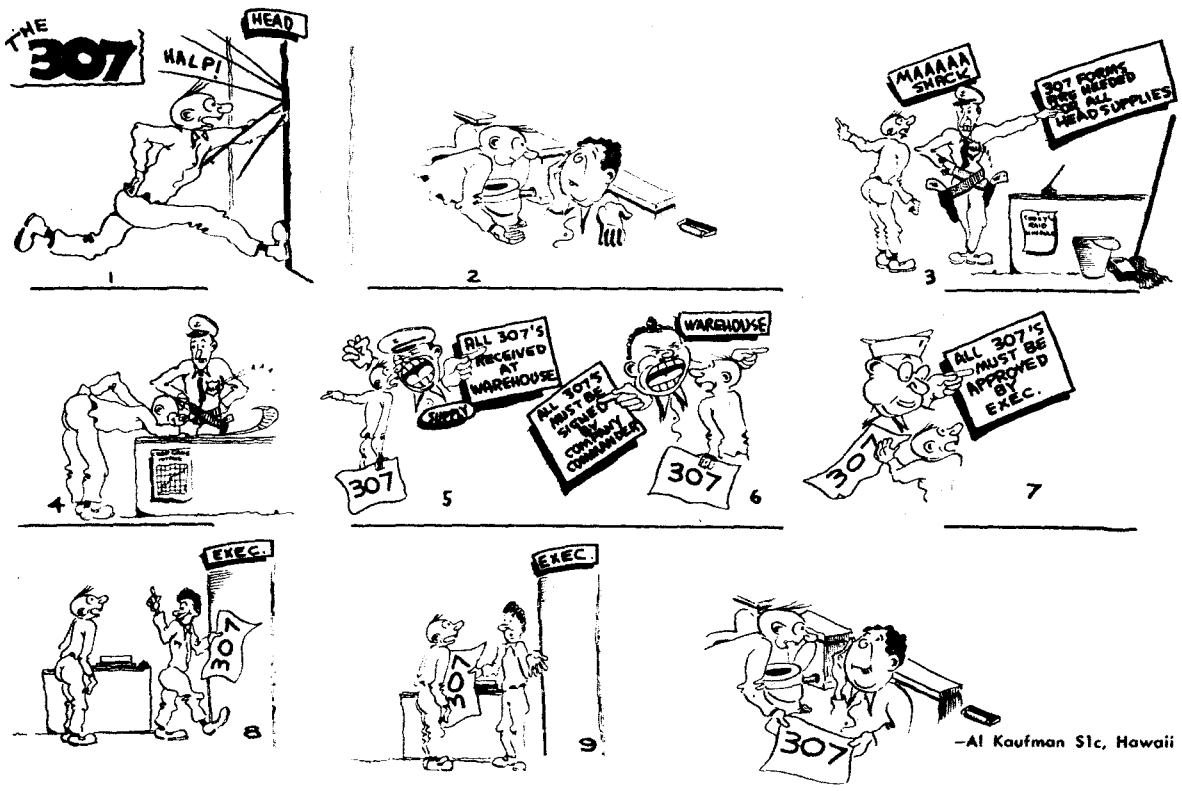
In the experiment, involving a million men in selected stations, sulfadiazine was given daily to certain groups of men and not to others. Comparison revealed that in the controlled groups incidence of such diseases as scarlet fever, rheumatic fever and tonsillitis fell off to zero or near zero within a few weeks.

"The result was a success beyond our fondest hope," said Capt. T. J. Carter, (MC) USN, chief of the Navy's Division of Preventive Medicine. He estimated that the experiment alone saved more than a million man-days for medical personnel and between $50 million and $100 million.

Shucks. The flyleaf of "Sowing and Reaping," a book put out by a Chicago Bible institute, bears this inscription: "When finished with this book, forward it to a lumber camp, prison, soldiers, sailors or other neglected classes."

Opportunities. A procedure has been instituted whereby Navy personnel on active duty may claim academic credit in a high school or college for their military training, service experience and off-duty education. Complete instructions may be found on the official U. S. Armed Forces Institute Form No. 47. . . . BuPers will consider applications from enlisted men for appointment as warrant or commissioned officers in the Civil Engineer Corps. Applicants should have five years' experience in deep-sea stevedoring. . . . Approximately 2,000 enlisted men will be selected to enter the Navy V-12 program for assignment to college training beginning July 1, 1945. This quota compares with 1,000 for November 1944 and none for March 1945. . . . Physical requirements have been modified and the age limit lowered from 20 to 19 in the V-7 program for midshipmen training for enlisted men. . . . Applications will be considered from officers and enlisted men between 19 and 29, with a college record in foreign language, for a course of instruction in Japanese, Chinese, Russian and Malay languages at the Navy School of Oriental Languages, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. . . . In the case of a family which has lost two or more sons in the service and has only one son surviving, the Navy will retain the surviving son in the U. S. or return him there, upon his or his family's application, unless he is engaged in nonhazardous duty overseas. . . . Waves who have had two years of duty within one naval district may apply for transfer out of that area. All overseas orders for Waves in the next six months will be limited to the Hawaiian area, where facilities for 5,000 Waves are ready. . . . A new regulation permits Navy nurses now in service to marry without resigning from the Navy. Qualifying male personnel should make application in person to a Navy nurse.

—DONALD NUGENT S1c



—Al Kaufman S1c, Hawaii

Message Center

ED GRAY of Hermosa Beach, Calif., at Scott Field, Ill., in 1943: write Sgt. Frank L. Green, Flexible Gunnery Pool, Yuma AAF, Ariz . . . . Sgt. AYLETT L. GRIFFIN, WAC, somewhere in New Guinea: write Pfc. Frank B. Gross Jr., Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Winston-Salem, N. C. . . . Capt. GEORGE HAMSON, formerly of Tank Co., 125th Inf., Gilroy, Calif.: write Pfc. James C. Hembree, 1293 Engr. C Bn., Co. A, Fort Belvoir, Va. . . . Lt. GILFORD HENNEGAR, CA, somewhere in the CBI: write Lt. Clyde S. Carter, Lawson Gen. Hosp., Atlanta, Ga. . . . Lt. ELIZABETH HENNIG, at the Station Hospital, Lowry Field, Colo., in 1943: write Cpl. William Poston, Co. D, 2d Tng. Regt., Fort Devens, Mass. . . . JAMES or BUDDY HERRMANN of New York, now in the Marine Corps: write David J. Bussell, 1679 SU, Camp Skokie Valley, Glenview, Ill. . . . Anyone having information about Cpl. ELMER S. KIRBY JR. of Haddenfield, N. J., last known to be a B-17 tail gunner in ETO: write Cpl. Norm B. Rainier, Sv. Sq. P, Sv. Gp. 34-P, Svc 9-P, 9MAW, FMF, MCAC, Cherry Point, N. C. . . . Anyone having information about Pvt. GEORGE M. LANDROCK, Engr. Bn., Co. B, last heard of in November in Germany: write Sgt. Stuart Burt, Hq. Co., 15th Sig. Tng. Regt., Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . BOB LANE, last heard of in 1941: write Pvt. Burr Woodstock, Lovell Hospital, Ward 142, Fort Devens, Mass. . . . Sgt. JOE LEPPADO, once a cook at Camp Pendleton, Va., with the 74th CA (AA): write Cpl. M. E. Wilson, 2d Sig. Sv. Bn., Washington 25, D. C. . . . S/Sgt. NATHAN LASNIK, last heard of at APO 344: write your brother, A/C Len Lasnik, C1. 45-D, Sq. 45, Gp. E, Wing I, AAFPS, SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. . . . JOSEPH JOHN LUTGEN, last heard of in Milwaukee: write Lt. Fred E. Stein, Sq. D, CAAB, Charleston, S. C. . . . Pvt. JEANETTE LYNCH, last heard of at Air WAC Recruiting Sta., Maxwell Field, Ala.: write Pvt. Dorothy G. Taylor, Postal Branch, Camp Kilmer, N. J. . . . RICHARD R. MAYES: write Pvt. Alfard Thompson, Co. F, 2 Bn., ASFPRD, Camp Beale, Calif. . . . Sgt. JOHN PETRICK, last heard of in Co. D, 50th AIR: write Pfc. Howard E. Jaech, DEML, Med. Dept., 9 Barnard St., Savannah, Ga. . . . Pvt. CHARLES PODHEIZER, last heard of at Camp Upton, N. Y., in August 1944 in Co. A, Bks. 1B, Area 1: write Pvt. Phil Scharf, Sec. M, Bks. 2127, 3508 AAF BU, Truax Field, Madison, Wis. . . . Pvt. ROBERT RAMSAY, last heard of somewhere in Italy: write Pfc. Wayne Aye, 1st Hq. & Hq. Det. Sp. Trps., Casual Bn., AGF (Prov.) Fort Ord, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. PAUL F. RIVET, last heard of at Tyndall Field, Fla.: write Sgt. Clif Thumann, Sq. V, Box 1248, MacDill Field, Fla. . . . Pvt. D. ROBERTS, last heard of at Fort Jackson, S. C.: write Pfc. Michael F. Gulas, Sq. T-1, March Field, Calif. . . . Sgt. MAX SEITELMAN, formerly of the 96th CA (AA), last heard of at ASTP, Yale University: write Lt. Alfred N. Greenberg, 2010 Country Club, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Pvt. NATHANIEL SEPULVEDA, last heard of at Fort Warren, Wyo.: write Pfc. Adolph T. Morin, Sec. C, Eagle Pass, Tex. . . . Cpl. JOHN J. SHUCTSTA: write Cpl. Walter Paczkoski, USMC, U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. . . . S/Sgt. JOSEPH SKANDOR, once in Hq. & Hq. Co., Reception Center, Fort Dix, N. J., later at OCS at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Cpl. Joseph Lucchese, 15th Bn., 81st QM Co., Camp Lee, Va. . . . T/Sgt. DANIEL SKINNER (AACS), once in 2d OPS, McClellan Field, Calif.: write Cpl. Hazel Conner, 1822 N St., Sacramento, Calif. . . . Anyone having information concerning Lt. MARGARET SMALLWOOD, ANC, believed to be in India or the CBI theater: write S/Sgt. Ed M. Coolahan, 3026th AAF BU, Sec. AB, Merced AAF, Calif. . . . Lt. PHILLIP SMITH, last heard of at Shreveport, La.: write Cpl. Jerome Eberhard, Co. B, 122d Med. Bn., APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . Anyone having information about Pvt. MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN, last heard of in France with the Infantry: write Sgt. T. D. Coffey, Abilene AAB, Tex. . . . S/Sgt. THOMAS B. TAGGART, last heard of in the Aleutians in 1942: write Sgt. Robert E. Lubeck, 2100 AAF BU, Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . Pvt. EARL WALLACE, last heard of somewhere in France in the Sig. Corps: write Pvt. Nelson Good, Navajo Ord. Depot, Flagstaff, Ariz. . . . Sgt. JACK WORKMAN, once in the 1st Guard Co., USDB, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., last heard of in England: write Sgt. Horace A. Smith, 1st Guard Co., USDB, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. . . . Pvt. HARRY J. WOMBOLT JR., once in Btry. B, 899th FA Bn., later in the 195th FA Bn. at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., now somewhere in England: write Pvt. J. C. Taylor, 4817 Unit 8, SC Det., PO Box 527, Bks. T-315, Santa Fe, N. Mex. . . . Pvt. BRUCE YORK, last heard of in 3187 Sig. Serv. Bn., Camp Kohler, Calif.: write Pfc. Edward J. Carlin Jr., 300 AAF BU, Hq. Third Air Force, Tampa, Fla.

A GI would not be likely to get the brush-off from Pat Clark, at least for talking about the Army. Her father is a major and an Old Army man. But let's talk about Pat. Description: unnecessary. Hobbies: swimming and flying (she's a licensed pilot). Pat is a Warner Bros.' find and is beginning what looks like a successful career in Hollywood.

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Between the Devil and the Pfc

THE men lying on the bunks in the guardhouse looked up spiritlessly as the new prisoner was pushed into the wire stockade. New men were always coming or going, usually quietly, but this fellow struggled and swore as the guard shoved him forcibly through the door.

The new inmate strode over to an empty bunk on long, angry legs, eyes blazing defiance at the whole room. He wore faded green one-piece fatigues, the dark spot between elbow and shoulder showing he was a noncom who had been reduced.

The unofficial boss of the stockade, a burly giant of a man named O'Rourke, walked over and eyed the stranger. Finally he said: "Get busted?"

"Yep," answered the newcomer morosely.

"Looks like it was a big drop," growled O'Rourke. "Tech sergeant?"

"Nah," said the stranger. "First."

"Dja get drunk or beat up a louey?" asked O'Rourke approvingly.

"Knocked the colonel on his behind," succinctly replied the former top kick.

"Jee-e-e-e-ez!" said O'Rourke. "How come?"

The stranger looked around the stockade and noted the respectful attention. He swelled visibly and sat up and swung his feet to the floor. O'Rourke offered a smoke and the stranger took it haughtily.

"Name's Mulligan," he began. "I was top kick of Company C, 307th. A good outfit, but me and the CO didn't get along. He was a nut for inspections. Shine, polish, scrub—it drove a guy nuts. I couldn't see it but kept on the ball, so he didn't bust me. But, hell, I couldn't even get into town but one night a week. Every night I had to shine shoes, or clean buttons, or some other chuckin' thing."

"Yeah, I know how it is," said O'Rourke.

Mulligan continued. "We had a pfc in the outfit, see. He was bucking for battery clerk. He was always gettin' in his suction with the CO, and the captain liked the way the guy always came out for inspection shining like a million bucks. I couldn't figure out how this pfc kept his stuff so good looking; he was always in town at night. Finally I found out how he did it."

Mulligan smoked moodily for a moment, ground the butt savagely and started again.

"One night we had a big crap game. This pfc wanted in, see, so we let him get in the game. I won about a hundred from the guy and figured this was my chance to put the screws to him, so I kept getting on his tail to pay up or else. He couldn't pay me, but he offered a deal."

"What kind of a deal was it, sarge?" ventured a former chaplain's assistant who had fallen by the wayside.

Mulligan smiled a grim smile. "This pfc," he said, "offered to do all my spit and polish until pay day. I asked him how he expected to do my work and his too, and he said he had a joe to do it for him. So I asked him who the joe was. And do you know what he said?"

"No," chorused the prisoners in unison, "Who was his helper?"

"The Devil!" snapped Mulligan. "Yep, he had a deal with the Devil. Don't know how he did it, but it was the McCoy. I agreed to the deal, and that night the pfc gave me all his stuff, and I put it in the room with my equipment and took off. Next morning I opened the door, and there was all my equipment laid out, shining like new, as clean as a T-5's whistle!"

"Gee whiz!" murmured an 18-year-old who had been thrown into the guardhouse for failing to report for induction.

Mulligan lit another cigarette, his own, and started again. "I could see the possibilities right away. I dickered with a few of the boys to do their work too—for a price, of course—and it worked like a charm. By the end of that week I was 50 bucks ahead. This pfc kept telling me the Devil was complaining about all the work I gave him to do, but I had till pay day to make my pile on Old Nick, and I meant to make plenty."

"But how did you get into the guardhouse?" asked the chaplain's assistant.

Mulligan rolled a baleful eye at the poor kid and continued. "We had a regimental inspection last Saturday morning, see? The Devil had done such a good job on my equipment I shone like a neon sign, and I knew the colonel would stop in front of me. And, sure enough, he did. He grabbed my rifle, inspected it, muttered that it was the cleanest he'd ever seen and handed it back to me."

O'Rourke was puzzled. "Well, wasn't that good?" he asked.

"Sure, it was good," said Mulligan. "Except when I started to reach for the rifle, damned if someone wasn't holding my arms! Yep, my arms were pinned tight against my sides. The colonel got purple and dropped the gun—right on his toe! When I bent down to get the rifle, all the time fighting this guy holding me, I got a good boot in the tail and butted the colonel right in the breadbasket. When I got up from the ground I looked around, and there was a red figure running away, laughing like blazes. It must have been the Devil; he had a forked tail and hoofs and all. Right then I figured he must've got mad about all the work I gave him, and that was his way of getting even. So here I am, in the can."

A profound silence reigned in the stockade as Mulligan shook his head sadly and lay down. O'Rourke flexed his powerful fingers vigorously and looked at the former first sergeant's figure.

The 18-year-old asked innocently: "What happened to the pfc?"

Mulligan rolled over to face the wall and muttered sleepily: "Oh, he got my rating. He's going to OCS pretty soon—as a reward for having the Devil do the officers' laundry every week."

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. —S/Sgt. EDWARD S. WENDELL

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"Supply? GI party tonight. Send over 18 cakes of soap, 10 mops, 12 brooms, 3 pails and a small whip." —Pfc. Irwin Touster, Overseas

"You're to replace these Wacs. They've applied for foreign service." —Cpl. Fred Schwab, Roswell AAF, N. Mex.

—Pvt. George Halpern, Dyersburg AAF, Tenn.

NEXT OF KIN

She will do many things in years to be
That she has done in all the years that were,
And love and laughter will return to her
And she will half forget. But suddenly
Across her peace will come on strange winds blown,
(Sometimes in music as the music ends,
Sometimes in sunsets or good-byes of friends)
A chilling ghost that she has never known.

It is that moment when his engine stammered,
Flamed over Rome and screeched into the ground;
When first he heard the sickening Channel sound;
Or splashed his life into the Saipan mud;
Or when, while all the battle howled and hammered
Upon Attu, he thought he saw her face
And cried to her across the frozen grass
But lost her in the silence and the blood.

WRTU, Waycross, Ga. —Sgt. JAMES E. WARREN Jr.

DON'T ASK FOR CIGARETTES

Gilfrigen was big,
Gilfrigen was threatening,
Yet he couldn't intimidate
Iona Packortwo, the PX Beauty.
Gilfrigen would howl, long and loud.
For cigarettes. Iona
Would sell him candy, cough drops, eye drops,
But not cigarettes.
To Gilfrigen this was discouraging,
So he tried trickery.
One day Gilfrigen entered the PX
Disguised as a butt can.
Iona Packortwo was puffing lustily on a cig.
She threw said eig out the window
And deposited the wrapper of a marshmallow bar
On Gilfrigen. He was PO'd
That Iona had thrown her butt out the window.

Then Gilfrigen tried bribery.
He gave Iona a steak swiped from the mess hall.
He gave her a gas stamp, and he gave her his GI shoes
For ashtrays, his helmet liner for a flower pot.
Finally the supreme moment came
As supreme moments will:
Gilfrigen asked Iona to give him a pack
Of cigarettes—the long, slender kind.
She gave him a dirty look and sold the last pack
To a feather merchant who drove the coke truck.
So Gilfrigen burned and burned.
He knew he had made an ash of himself.

Clovis AAF, N. Mex. —Pfc. ROBERT RIEKER

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SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Nothing Worries Roberto

HERE is a guy you should know more about. He's the Cuban baseball player. His name may be Suarez, Torres, Ortiz or Estalella and his first name is almost invariably Roberto. If there is any major-league baseball next season, Roberto will probably play most of it.

Nothing worries Roberto, not even money. He will play for slave wages because he never thought it was possible to be paid for such a nice pastime as baseball. He lives cheaply, stays at boarding houses instead of hotels and spends his money on flashy sports clothes.

If Roberto happens to be a member of the Washington Senators' Cuban colony, he will swear by a little man named Joe Cambria. Papa Joe is an ex-laundryman turned baseball scout who sold Clark Griffith on the idea of importing the cut-rate Cuban player. For 10 years Papa Joe has been beating the canebrakes for the likes of Roberto. Roberto thinks Papa Joe is very funny man because he has never been able to master Spanish. But Joe isn't so funny. He made it a point to learn only two words of Spanish—*firma aqui* (sign here)—so that he wouldn't have any trouble signing Roberto.

Roberto himself is no great shakes as a linguist. Among the 10 Cubans at Washington's spring training camp last year, only four spoke English. Clark Griffith had to hire an interpreter so Manager Ossie Bluege could converse with them. Roberto usually speaks English to suit his own convenience. He makes himself clearly understood when he wants to bum a cigarette, but he's ox dumb and tongue-tied when a manager asks why he took a third strike with the bat resting on his shoulder. Roberto picks up American slang quickly and uses it to express almost anything. His favorite words are "Taykit teezy," "Hokay" and "Toots." This "Toots" interests Roberto greatly. Next to baseball, he loves "Toots" best.

Roberto and his Cuban chums always stick together. But only because they are not accepted in baseball's social circle. Other players regard them as outsiders, invaders, and are hostile toward them. On road trips Roberto is never asked to be a fourth at bridge, or invited to parties or movies.

Opposing players also give Roberto a rough deal. He has become the favorite target of bench jockeys who think he is a fat-witted foreigner and throw some pretty terrible taunts at him. Opposing pitchers, laboring under the delusion that he is short on guts, are inclined to dust him off at the plate. Roberto Estalella, the Athletics' Cuban outfielder, who is built like a fire hydrant, has been knocked down in practically every league he's played. But he usually gets up smiling, then lashes the next pitch out of the park.

The New York Yankees once gave Estalella a sharp needling, but he proved more than a match for them. During batting practice, Estalella waddled up to the plate to take his cuts. "Hey, Lallapalooza," yelled Coach Johnny Schulte. "They sure ruined a good monkey when they pulled the tail out of you." Estalella jabbed back just as deftly. He hunched his shoulders, swung his arms in simian fashion and stalked all over the field like a rampaging ape.

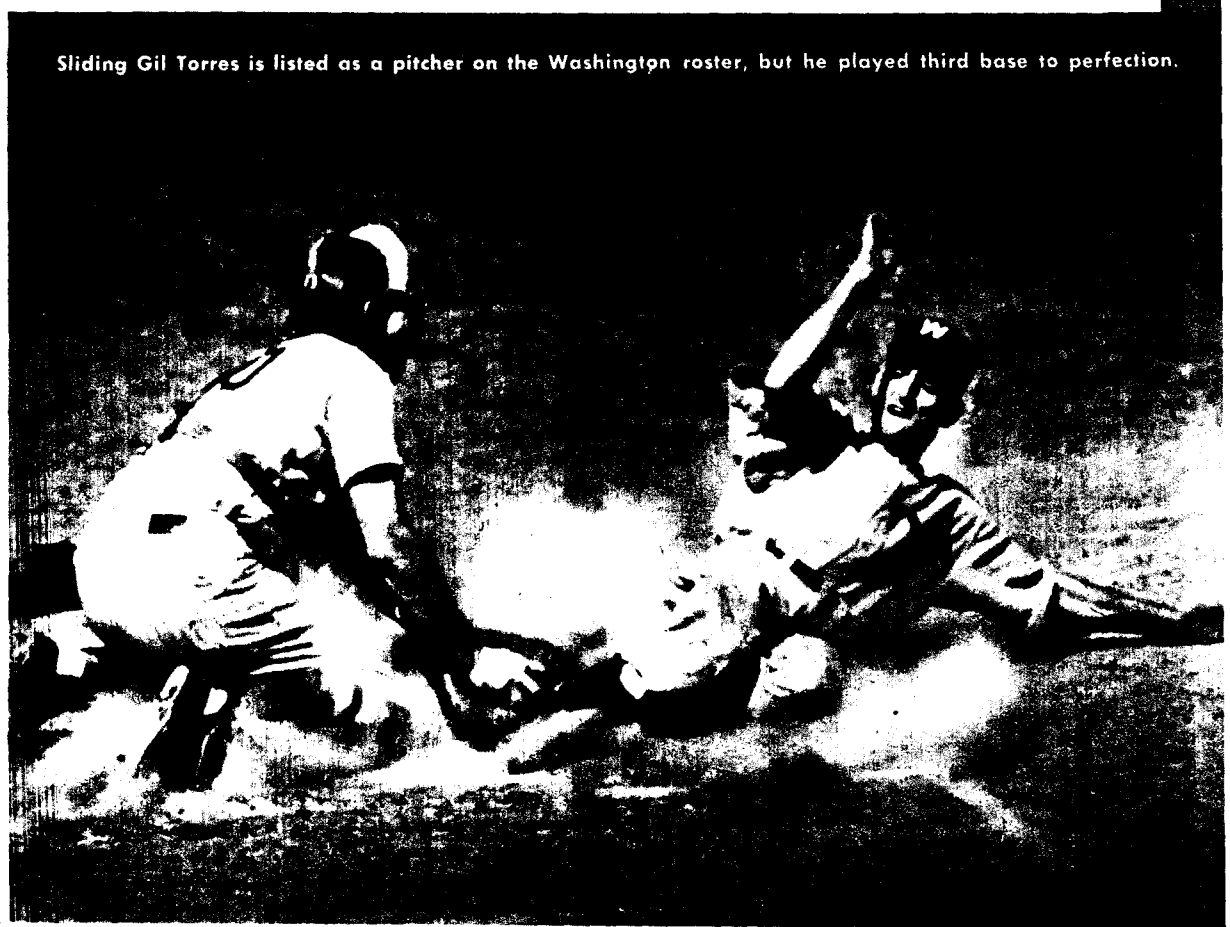
But most of the needling hasn't been as good natured as the Yankee treatment. Last season when the American League pennant race was at the crucial stage, the St. Louis Browns rode the Washington Cubans unmercifully. Every time a Cuban came to bat he was given a hot tongue-lashing. Finally, Roberto Ortiz, a big outfielder, went into a blind rage when a profane remark was aimed at one of the smaller Cubans. "I fight for you," Ortiz told his little friend.

Ortiz charged over to the Browns' dugout with a bat on his shoulder and demanded that the player who made the last remark come out and fight. Tom Turner, a third-string catcher stepped out. "Throw away that bat first, Satchel," Turner shouted. Ortiz threw the bat aside and then started throwing punches. It was a short but furious slugging match. Ortiz suffered a broken finger and Turner was bruised and scratched.

The Cuban isn't the worst ball player in the world, nor is he the best. On the average he is a talented guy who can hit better than he can field and catch better than he can pitch. Most versatile player among the Cubans is Gilberto Torres, a former minor-league pitcher, who played third base for Washington last season. A wiry, 6-foot 150-pounder, Torres wears his pants long like Carl Hubbell to hide his skinny legs. His father Dick came to Washington as a catcher in 1922 but couldn't make the grade. He is now a policeman in Havana.

Like most Cubans, Torres has a pleasant disposition and seldom broods over his batting average. Once, after a bad day on the field, Manager Bluege was surprised to find Torres sitting in front of his locker laughing and talking to himself. What had happened to him?

"Nothing," Torres said with a broad grin. "This is great way to make living. Tomorrow I play better. I can't do worse."



Sliding Gil Torres is listed as a pitcher on the Washington roster, but he played third base to perfection.

OLD FRIENDS. Capt. Buddy Lewis (right), formerly of the Washington Senators, takes over old times with Lt. Luke Sewell, manager of St. Louis Browns, at a Bunny [illegible]

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

YANK correspondent Sgt. Dave Richardson tells this one on **Dixie Walker, Luke Sewell** and **Paul Waner**, the baseball stars who toured China. At Kunming, Gen. Chennault recruited the three major-leaguers to play on his softball team against a Ground Forces outfit, only to lose the game in the last inning, 11-10. But the humiliating part of it was that Sewell made two errors and Walker only got a base hit. . . . **S/Sgt. Max Baer** has been disqualified for overseas service because of an old boxing injury and assigned to the convalescent training program at Kelly Field, Tex. . . . **Maj. Steve Hamas**, another heavyweight fighter, who served with the Eighth AAF in England as an athletic officer, is back in the States getting treatment for stomach ulcers. . . . According to one private in New Guinea there was so much interest in his area in the World Series that even the Japs listened. . . . **Capt. George Varoff**, former world's pole-vault champion, who was reported missing after a bombing mission over China, has turned up safe at his base. . . . The GI coaching clinic in Iceland has a faculty which includes such names as **Red Rolfe**, Yale's baseball and basketball coach; **Leo Houck**, Penn State boxing coach, and **Charlie Berry**, American League umpire.

Killed in action: **Capt. Aubrey Rion**, quarterback of Clemson's 1939 Cotton Bowl champions, in the ETO; **Lt. John Barrett**, Georgetown fullback and star of the 1942 North-South game, in Peleliu. . . . *Missing in action:* **Lt. Col. Tom Riggs**, captain of the 1940 Illinois football team, in Belgium. . . . *Commissioned:* **1st Sgt. Jack Knott**, former Browns, White Sox and A's pitcher, as a second lieutenant while serving with the 104th Infantry Division in Germany. . . . *Inducted:* **Clyde Shoun**, Cincinnati left-hander who pitched a no-hitter last year, into the Navy; **Bill Fleming**, Chicago Cub right-hander, into the Army; **Bill Conroy**, third and last member of Boston Red Sox coaching staff to be drafted, into the Army. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Willie Pep**, world's featherweight champ, by the Army after previously being discharged by the Navy because of punctured eardrum.

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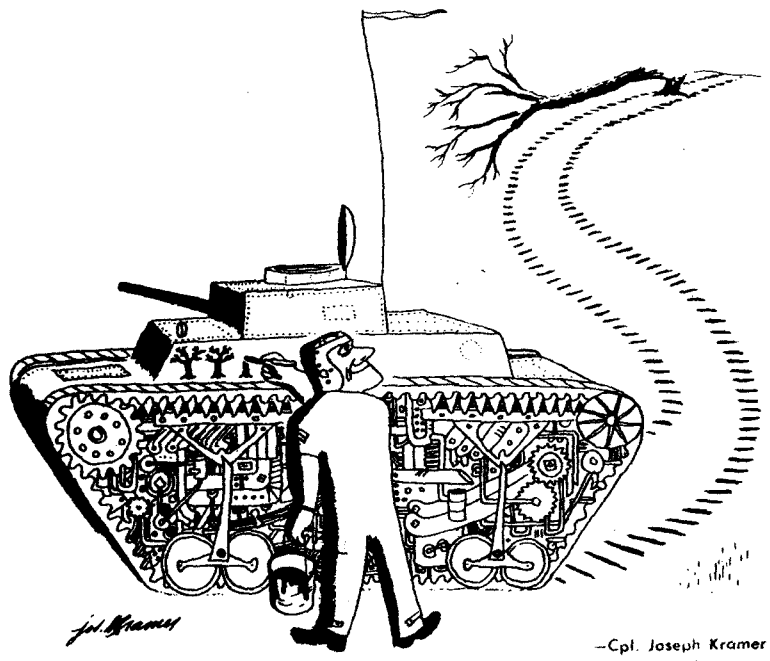
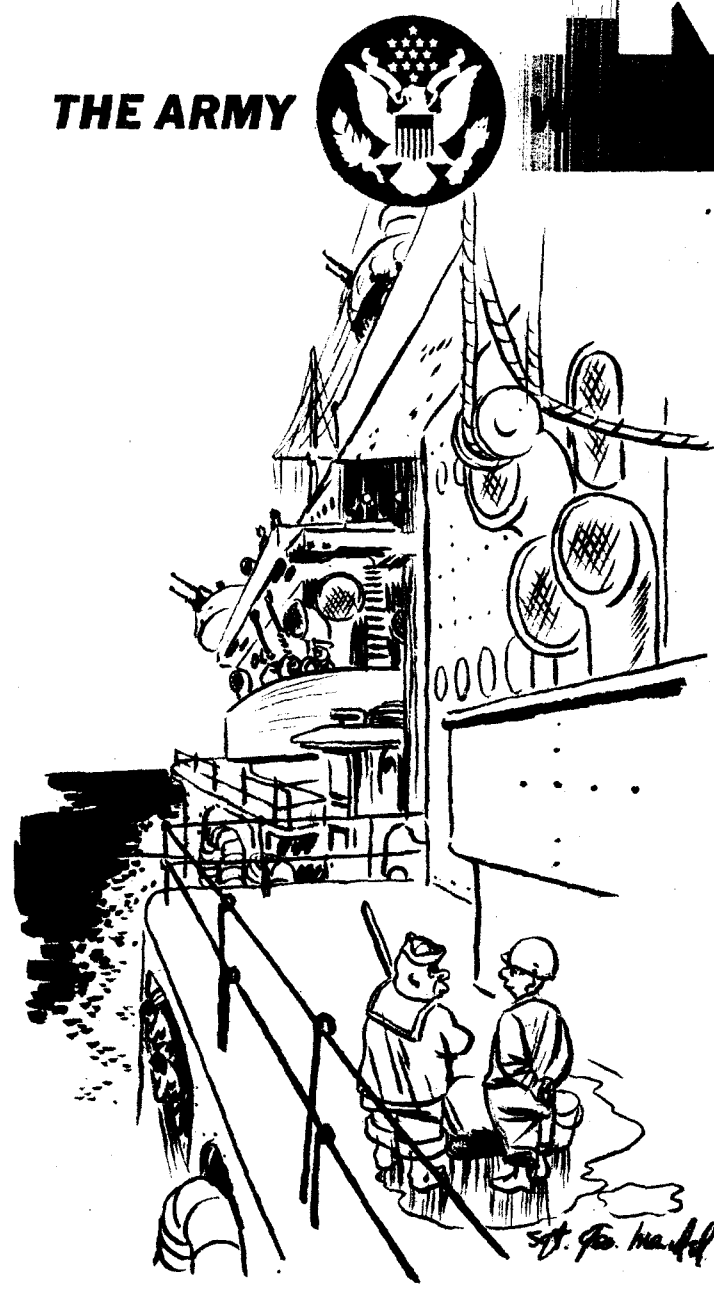


—Cpl. Joseph Kramer

"I SAID WHEN WE GET TO MANILA CAN I HAVE AN OVERNIGHT PASS?"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHIP ANYHOW—YOU OR ME?"
—Sgt. George Mandel

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—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

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